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THE

QUAKERESS SPY.

A ROMANCE OF 1780.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HOWLAND.

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QUAKERESS SPY.

CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE.

THE Green Bank at Burlington is a famous beauty-spot, on the Jersey shore of the river Delaware. But on this clear, crisp December night, the Green Bank is a white bank. "The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow, gives the luster." From the stone wall, stern defender of the Bank from encroachments of the washing tide, up to the road, where the wheels on the sleigh-runners creak, and the horses toss the fine, dry snow in clouds, there slopes a long, unbroken, narrow lawn, shining, sparkling, save where the shadows of the great trees and the great houses slant down upon it, toward the plain of ice, that, this time last night, was a river. The lighted windows, in the mansions that stand at intervals along the bank, need no curtains; for, despite the roaring fires within, Jack Frost has made ground glass of every pane. How cold it is! How still! What beauty—brightness—wintry splendor—peace!

The British have advanced across "the Jerseys," and Washington having prudently put the Delaware between himself and his foes, is watching from his eyrie on the Pennsylvania heights, ready to swoop down whenever time is ripe.

Lawyer Langstaff had left his family in circumstances so comfortable as to border on the affluent. A single glance into his widow's parlor would have attested that fact. In the first place, the apartment was completely carpeted! In the second place, it was papered!

Evidences of a luxurious style of living at that time!

The furniture, massive as to the sofas, tables and book-cases, and stiffly excruciating as to the chairs, was of mahogany, with gold ornamentation. Of course all the chair-legs were

fluted and tapered symmetrically down toward the shining brass rollers that would glide, upon the least impulse, smoothly over the Turkey carpet. Of course every other leg, pillar, pedestal, or support of any kind, that could possibly end in a huge claw with gilt nails, made an especial point of doing so. Of course, over the mantelpiece, clutching the round mirror, as if he were bent upon flying away with it without loss of time, was a gilt eagle, with gilt chains in his terrible beak, and with talons frightfully spread. This eagle, as being an American and rebellious bird, would have been compelled to direct his flight up-stairs to the lumber-room, for his mistress was loyalty itself, had he not been an especial favorite with the dear departed—the lamented husband. Nothing but that consideration saved him. Of course, mirror and mantel, woodwork and wainscot and table and picture-frame, wherever occurring, were in the ultimate possibilities of polish, and reflected, at all conceivable angles, the flames of a half-dozen or so of wax candles, that seemed to possess a marvelous power of giving light without heat.

And the widow Langstaff, who had been left sole proprietress of all these things and a good many more, was as massive as the book-cases and the tables; as straight-backed as the chairs; as cold and polished as the mirror and the silver candlesticks; as hook-nosed and as keen-eyed as the eagle; while her tones and manner, as she sat in state in her state-parlor, in her brocade and diamonds, brought up, by the wizard power of association, at every moment, talons and chains.

Quite another sort of person was her friend and guest, Lydia Darrach, the wife of a certain Quaker schoolmaster of Philadelphia, and a lady not unknown in after years to the readers of American Revolutionary history. She sat facing the widow Langstaff, physically from the opposite side of the huge fireplace, as she did morally from the opposite side of the political fire then raging between the mother country and the colonies. Small, pale, and sweet-faced was the young Quakeress, with mild blue eyes that always looked up to you appealingly and won you by their gentleness, while her voice was soft and low to the uttermost of that excellence in woman.

In a semicircle extending from one to the other of these

Two ladies, in stiff, upright postures and in stiff, upright suits, buckramed and leaded within, and broidered and gold-laced without, sat three military gentlemen, whose uniforms sufficiently indicated, that, wherever the army of the Continental Congress might be (and some of them doubted if there were much of it anywhere), it certainly was not on the Burlington side of the river.

All these persons had a padded preciseness of demeanor, or, as in the case of Mrs. Darrach, despite her gentleness, a prim formality, that harmonized exactly with their style of dress, and contrasted, strongly and strangely, with the lounging posture of the young heir of the Langstaff estate, Royal Langstaff, Esq., who, in a remote corner, made himself as comfortable as an austere sofa would permit; also, with the cosy snugness of a clerical gentleman, looking like the twin brother of St. Nicholas, and ensconced in the only easy(?) chair of the apartment; most of all, with the perfect grace of Lucy De Normandie, as she hung over her harp, persuading it into tune.

"And so, Major André," said Mrs. Langstaff, to the officer who sat next to Mrs. Darrach, "you are really confident of his being taken?"

"Colonel Rahl informs me that it is beyond a doubt. We are sure either of McLane himself or of his lieutenant. He crosses, to-morrow night, at a point some seven miles down the river, near the mouth of Raccoon creek."

"Rancocas," said Mrs. Langstaff.

"Yes. Rankcocoa," said the major.

"If he's not capchored there," said the Honorable Cosmo Gordon, "we—aw—know exactly where to look faw him next, you know."

"Which of 'em?" asked Royal, from his remote sofa.

"Eithaw McLane or—aw—his lieutenant—Penrose—Pennington—aw—some such name. Nevaw remembaw names."

"Pemberton," interposed the clerical gentleman, who was no less a dignitary than Chaplain Bee, afterward well known in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Darrach was observed to start, but she recovered herself immediately.

"Failing to take him below," said an officer whose brogue

betrayed his nationality, "we—that is, mesilf with a salact throop—will have the playsure of awaitin' on him at Madford, with the complimints of the sayson. Ye'll be afther knowin' wan Musther Ahron Deevide?"

"Aaron David? Landlord of the Medford tavern? Quite well," replied Mrs. Langstaff.

"Not intimately—that is, Captain Fitz Patrick," said Royal Langstaff, speaking as if he made the exertion only to define his mother's social standing, "not as a friend, but as—as a tavern-keeper."

"For years," said Mrs. Langstaff, frigidly explaining, and not at all grateful for her son's interposition in behalf of a dignity that she considered above all sublunary shoals, "for years my lamented husband" (she always alluded to the deceased lawyer by that title) "was in the habit of stopping over night at the man's house. Accompanying my husband, whose loss I shall never cease to deplore, I became acquainted with the man. The man, also, was the recipient of several favors from my lamented husband. Since my bereavement, I have not seen the man, nor do I wish to see him. I am credibly informed that the man is a malignant rebel."

"And I am credibly informed that the man has divilish—I ax yer pardon—foine woiness wheresumdiver he got them," said the Irish officer; "manetime and likewise, I've raysons for belavin' that he's the boy for the sugar-toddy."

"My lamented husband was an excellent judge of wines," said Mrs. Langstaff, sighing. Even so might a statue of Penelope have sighed.

"So are the Hessians," said the chaplain. "A detachment has been ordered to Mount Holly and they will not be long in scenting the bottles."

"Unless they reach them before day after to-morrow," said Major André, "the scent of the bottles will be all they'll have for their pains. Eh, Captain Fitz?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the Honorable Cosmo Gordon.

"What d'ye mane, meejor?"

"If you and the Doanes are to capture this fellow Pemberton, some of the bottles are like to be captured about the same time."

"Regular plunderers, those Doanes," said the Honorable Cosmo.

"I deny it."

The tones were almost masculine, for they were very stern and very indignant; but the speaker was a tall, elegant Quaker girl who stood in the doorway, drawn up to her full height, and flashing lightnings at the Honorable Cosmo, from a pair of the finest eyes in the United Colonies.

The gentlemen—Royal Langstaff excepted—rose immediately.

"Miss Miriam Doane," said Mrs. Langstaff, beginning a solemn ceremony of introduction. And then, seeing that Miriam would look at no one but her offender, she began with him. "Colonel, the Honorable Cosmo Gordon."

"And I can assure Colonel, the Honorable Cosmo Gordon," said Miriam, "that my brothers are not the marauding knaves his Hessians are."

The colonel, bowing profoundly and profusely, was understood to disclaim all right and title of proprietorship in the said Hessians.

Miriam, becoming suddenly oblivious of him, and thereby greatly disconcerting him, said, looking round upon them all:

"I call you, who hear me, to witness, that while they suffered us to be true to our principles of right, we were but passive in this cruel war, bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things."

"Is it a Quaker praycher she is?" said Captain Fitz aside to the chaplain.

"Hush!" said the chaplain.

"They drove us," Miriam went on, "they drove us from our homes; let them look to their own. They drove us from our strongholds of principle; let them look to their own strongholds of stone. They drove us from our life; let them look to their own lives. Our hands are against every man, for every man's hand is against us."

"Miriam!" This reproof from Mrs. Langstaff.

"But my brothers, sir, fight for their right, and for their country, and not for hire and plunder, like your mercenaries and—and their leaders."

Mrs Langstaff so moved in her seat as to have the air of enthroning herself.

"Miriam! Remember where you are."

"Madam, I remember it perfectly," returned the Quakeress, who, of all her Quaker life, retained only the garb. "You are my benefactress. Your house is my asylum. Forgive me, if the insult to my brothers made me forget for a moment that a dependent should be humble."

"Now, Miriam!" It was the soft, sweet voice of Lydia Darrach, uplifted in remonstrance. "Hagar Langstaff did not mean that, thee knows she didn't."

"I thank you, Lydia, for your vindication," said Mrs. Langstaff, still coldly monumental. "Miriam will one day do me justice. Any consciousness of dependence is entirely on her side. It is true she has a home here; but I believe she is an heiress in her own right. And she knows it. The halls are cold, Miriam; enter, and close the door."

"My presence, now, could only be a restraint upon you. Good-night."

She was gone.

Mrs. Darrach half rose to follow, but a look from her hostess kept her in her seat. Lucy De Normandie, who left her harp and hurried to the door, required more than a look from the Queen Regent to thwart her purpose of withdrawal in pursuit of Miriam.

"Lucy!"

Lucy stopped.

"I think, my love, that Miss Doane would prefer solitude. I," said her majesty, regally, "prefer it for her. And we would so much rather have you here with us."

"But I shall return in a moment," pleaded Lucy, embarrassed by the concentrated admiration of the gentlemen.

"Just as you please, of course. But our friends drive back to Trenton this evening, and they wish to hear you play."

This had the desired effect of concentrating upon Lucy, in addition to the admiration, a battery of entreaties from all present—Royal Langstaff again excepted—the chaplain coming out as a particularly big gun. Royal looked round at Lucy from his sofa, and spoke to her, only but eloquently, with his eyes.

"Just for ten minutes, Mrs. Langstaff."

"But consider, my dear," returned her majesty, persuasive as to her words, but peremptory as to her manner, "how long these gentlemen, defenders of your king" (Lucy gave little subdued signs of impatience) "have had to wait for the tuning of that reluctant instrument."

The battery again opened fire.

"Lucy," drawled Royal Langstaff, "play that new tune you were practicing—*Yankee Doodle*!"

The chaplain saw her eyes flash and made haste to interpose.

"No, no! Miss De Normandie is too good a rebel to vouchsafe *Yankee Doodle* to the present company."

"She is too perverse a rebel, the naughty girl!" said Mrs. Langstaff, solemnly and severely sportive; "her mother's family have well-nigh renounced her. We are true to the throne—to the power that has protected us—to the house that has advanced our fortunes and sheltered our adversity." In such phrase, her majesty, bringing down, as it were, a claw upon the word "sheltered," and holding it stiffly out, for Lucy's especial contemplation.

This time the Honorable Cosmo Gordon interposed.

"Not *Yankee Doodle* on a harp! It is only for *buffo* singing. Composed in derision, it—"

"Has already been played in triumph," said Lucy. "I will play it for you now, sir, lest when you next hear it from a rebel source, you may be in too much haste to stop and listen."

Major André and the chaplain smiled. Lydia Darrach looked demurely at a particular brand under the left andiron, but the corners of her mouth twitched singularly. Captain Fitz scowled at the young lady; the Honorable Cosmo contemplated her with a blank stare; Mrs. Langstaff again "enthroned" herself and would have fulminated a reproof, but she was silenced by a gesture of entreaty from her son, who rose erect upon his sofa and fastened his gaze upon Lucy, as she took into her arms that fortunate harp (whereof every gentleman in the room became instantly and insanely envious) and dashed into the melody, with splendid sweepings of her beautiful hands, over her harp-strings, making of the tune a

battle hymn, and ending with a crash that rung defiance, and vibrated through all the gilded claws and made the gilt chairs tremble in the eagle's beak. Then she arose, curtseying to all, but looking at none of them, and left the room: nor did she return till the sleighbells of his majesty's officers were far out of hearing on the road to Trenton.

CHAPTER II.

"ROYAL, AWAKE!"

"LYDIA, dear! I am so thankful you're alone!"

The candles were burning low, and the fire had been already covered for the night. The wife of the Quaker schoolmaster, still knitting busily, lifted those meek, affectionate eyes of hers, and looked, at Lucy, both surprise and interrogation.

"Has aunt Langstaff gone to bed?"

"Half an hour ago."

"And Royal?"

"Yes. He moped after *you* went out. I believe he walked up-stairs in his sleep."

"It will be necessary to wake him."

"To wake Royal?"

"Yes, Lydia. I wish I were a man."

"Lucy, thou hadst better go to bed. Thou art becoming incoherent."

"Am I, dear Mrs. Darrach? It's not to be wondered at, with that brave Lieutenant Pemberton in such dreadful danger."

"Thou art quite right," said Mrs. Darrach, dropping her work and looking steadfastly at Lucy.

"Lydia, didn't they say he was a spy?"

"Yes."

"Coming in disguise?"

"Yes."

"Did they say any thing more about him after I went up-stairs? Did they say what his business was?"

"Nay."

"But if they take him they—they'll hang him, won't they?"

"Yea!"

"Oh, Mrs. Darrach! Can't we save him?"

"We, Lucy? Two women? We can not—"

"Don't think of what we *can't*; think of what we *can*, please; there's a dear."

"But, my love, what '*can*' we?"

"We can warn him."

"Warn him! How?"

"Listen. Wait a minute."

She went to the door, which she had carefully closed on entering; reopened it; looked into the hall; closed the door again and came back.

"This is my plan. I've been thinking of it. You heard them say he was to be at Aaron David's?"

"Yea."

"I am going there."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Thou art crazy, Lucinda."

"I am going. I've made up my mind. You must wait up for us and let us in."

"Us? Who are '*we*'?"

"Royal and I."

The prim and placid disciple of the immortal Fox was startled, at once, out of her primness and placidity.

"Lucy! This is the wildest project. Royal! An officer—so he says—with the king's commission in his pocket. Royal; our enemy!"

"No, Royal, my friend. My friend Royal. Of course I don't dare to go alone. With him, I can make my way to Medford and back, before daylight, and no one be the wiser. Royal will do any thing for my sake, and, for his own sake, I should hope that he would not refuse to save the life of a brave man."

"I should be glad to feel assured of the safety of one about whom I've heard so much."

"Yes, and said so much. It was you that first interested

me in him. If you had been pleading the cause of a lover, instead of talking about a stranger, you couldn't have said more. You'll sit up for us? Do, dear!"

"Lucy, I think there is great risk in taking Royal into thy confidence."

"But there's much greater risk in *not* taking him into my confidence. I am going to call him."

Yet, when she reached his door, she checked herself with her hand just raised to knock. In awaking him by that means, she might waken some one else. It was no time for false modesty. Royal Langstaff was her first cousin, and had been the playmate of her babyhood. She laid her hand against the door. It yielded, and in she went.

The room was bright with the moonlight and the reflection from the snow. There was a sound of low, regular breathing from the luxuriously downy, snowily canopied, curtained and counterpaned bed, in a cosy corner. Royal Langstaff was sleeping the sleep of innocence.

She closed the door quietly and approached the breathing. As the moonlight fell full upon her cousin's face, she thought how manly and how handsome he looked, and what a pity it was that he was so indolent. She did not believe, for a moment, that any energy of his own would support him as her escort; but she had implicit and unbounded confidence in the sustaining power of his regard for her.

"Royal!"

If a low voice be indeed an excellent thing in woman, Lucy's, just then, was excellent to the uttermost degree.

"Royal!"

In fact, so to speak, it was altogether too excellent. She might have called him, in those dulcet tones, till daybreak, without at all disturbing the enviable serenity of his repose. She took his hand in hers, that small, white, well-shaped, idle hand of his, and pressed it—squeezed it—almost pinched it.

"Royal! *Royal!*!"

"Eh?"

"Wake up."

"How'r' ye? Gla' see ye! S' down," dreamily, drowsily

"Royal, it's I—Lucy."

He was broad awake in an instant.

"Luce! You!"

"Royal, dear, get up."

"What's the matter?"

"Get up. I'll tell you presently. Hush."

"Is the house on fire?"

Instinctively he spoke, as she had spoken, in a whisper; but the effect was ludicrous.

"No," said Lucy, unable to repress a smile in the midst of her tribulation.

"Thieves? Rebels? Washington hasn't crossed the river?"

"No, no. Don't imagine impossibilities. Don't ask questions. Dress yourself, take your pistols and your sword, and come down into the parlor."

"Surely I don't want my sword and pistols, to go from here to the parlor."

"Never mind; bring them. And your riding-cloak. And your fur cap. Come, come; don't wake anybody, whatever you do. I'll wait for you."

Leaving him in a state of perplexity bordering upon mental aberration, to achieve his toilet, she glided down-stairs with all possible quietness, and rejoined her friend.

"Lucy, is he coming?"

"I don't know, dear," with an impatient glance at the door; "but he's going."

And in a period amazingly brief, for him, Royal Langstaff made his appearance, muffled in his riding-cloak, with his fur cap and pistol-case in one hand, his sword in the other, and his boots gracefully pendent from his little finger.

"What in the name of all—"

"Shut the door."

Royal carefully deposited his boots on the rug, laid his other baggage on the table, and did as he was bid.

"He would make thee an excellent husband," whispered Lydia, charmed by the docility of the animal.

"Now then," Royal began again, "what in the—"

"Hush. I'll tell you."

She did tell him, and his consternation immediately passed all bounds.

"Why, you lovely young rebel! Do you know that you've

called me out of bed at one o'clock in the morning, gravely to propose to me to commit high treason?"

"I know that I have called you out of a sleep that was doing nobody but yourself any good, gravely to propose to you to save the life of a brave man."

"But, Lucy, if this thing gets out—I am an officer of his majesty the—"

"Refuse, if you please, but in that case, never more be officer of mine."

Royal picked up, and proceeded slowly to put on, his fur cap.

"Lucy," he said to her, gravely, looking at her from under its projecting roof, through a great entanglement of strings, "I have never refused you any thing."

She looked at him for a moment with heavenly delight and gratitude in her sweet eyes. Then, as they caught the sad meaning and reproach in his, she blushed and turned away.

Their preparations were speedily completed. Lucy had brought her riding-skirt and wrappings, when she first entered the parlor after its evacuation by the British; and, impatient to be gone at once, almost pulled Royal after her to the front door, Mrs. Darrach following.

But as she turned the key, her cousin stopped short and tried to loosen his hand from hers.

"Wait, Lucy. I can't go."

"You must—you shall. Oh, Royal?"

"It's impossible."

"Royal, you must. I can not let you fail me now. Royal, hear me—"

"One moment!"

"No, not one. Royal, if you'll do this for me, I'll—I'll be your wife. There!"

Heedless of Mrs. Darrach's harmless presence, Royal Langstaff caught Lucy to his heart, and, passionately and unrebuked, again and yet again, kissed her sweet, pleading lips. He would have gone to his death for her. She was his last.

"Come," said she, gently, as he released her.

"Wait; wait, darling—one second!"

"Royal! You don't love me!"

"I love you as I love my life ; but—"

"But what ?"

"I've forgotten to put my boots on."

This trifling oversight remedied, they hurried off to the stables—or rather she hurried him off—for their horses ; while Mrs. Darrach stood at the open door, forgetful of the nipping, eager air.

A sort of intuitive perception that some one was coming up behind her, caused her, presently, to turn ; there, in the hall, in her night-dress, with only a shawl about her shoulders, bearing a candle in a great silver candlestick, was Miriam Doane.

"Where are those two going together ?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Darrach, striving, like a novice as she was, to trench gracefully on the remote confines of falsehood, and failing pitifully, "it's one of Lucy's freaks. She fancied a—
a midnight canter."

"And she has promised Royal Langstaff to marry him if he will join her in a midnight canter ? Woman, you lie !"

"Thee can await their return if thee pleases," said the Quakeress, who was not at all careful of her grammar, when she was indignant ; "but after that remark, thee will please not address theeself again to me."

And she turned into the parlor, comforting herself with the reflection that she had successfully put a stop to all further questioning. Miriam, following her, put her candle on the mantel before the mirror and eagle, producing the effect of some heathen girl placing a sacred taper before the household divinity.

"I will wait," said she.

And they did wait, hour after hour, till the moon went down among gathering clouds ; till the daybreak glimmered through a snow-storm into the stately drawing-room ; but Royal Langstaff and Lucy De Normandie came not.

CHAPTER III.

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

THERE was incessant trouble with Ahasuerus. Mrs. Aaron David, little and loud, always neat, always brisk, had never seen such a boy, for her part; he never could be got to go.

Mr. Aaron David, large-boned, deep-voiced, broad-chested heavy-featured, always good-natured, always slow, had never seen such a boy for his part, for he was everlastingly a-goin'.

Mrs. David, of whose existence boys had been the bane, protested daily, with vehemence, that of all banes of boys Ahasuerus was the most baneful; he was continually out of the way when he was wanted.

Mr. David, who had been all his life plagued to death with boys, had never been the victim of so malignant a pestilence as Ahasuerus; he was no end of bein' in the way when he wasn't wanted.

This conjugal difference of opinion, however likely to be distressfully perplexing to strangers, found its solution in the fact that Mrs. Aaron, to whose department Ahasuerus did especially pertain, contemplated that youthful coadjutor in the sphere of his duties; while Mr. Aaron contemplated him in the sphere of his amusements.

At that precise moment they were both contemplating him in the sphere of the Medford tavern bar-room, where he was slumbering serenely on a settle, in a warm corner. Their contemplation of him was not only physical but moral, for the topic in actual process of treatment between them was the ultimate necessity of his being whipped—Mrs. David advocating, and Mr. David deprecating that measure. They were free from the restraint of customers, as the hour was late; and they talked in low tones, that they might not disturb the subject of their conversation. Not that they had any unnecessary delicacy about disturbing him; but Mrs. David foresaw that, if he were so far restored to usefulness as to

plead in his own defense, and work upon that quality of mercy in his master which never required any straining, she, his mistress, would speedily subside into a minority of one. It was true, however, that her minority had been too strong for any majority that she had found in that house since she had entered it.

The repose thus respected was destined to be rudely violated ere the final adjustment of the momentous question. As Macbeth and his wife were startled from their propriety by a knocking at the gate, so—though happily for reasons immeasurably more reputable—were honest Aaron and *his* wife startled by a knocking at the bar-room door—that door which, once closed, was closed for the night, belated travelers being admitted at another; that door whose rheumatic latch no village hand presumed to rattle after half-past ten P. M.

This audacious disturbance caused the landlord and landlady to stare at each other in dismay, and brought Ahasuerus off the settle, into the middle of the floor.

Seen by the full light of the bar-room candles, he turned out to be a colored boy; so colored, that the ace of spades was a blonde to him. He was about fourteen, judging from his size and build, though his face, apparently, might have been born some years in advance of the rest of him. He would have been rather fleshy than otherwise for a skeleton, but he was funnily, not to say frightfully, thin for a boy. Even his lips had none of the thickness peculiar to that feature of his race, and the knuckles wherewith he rubbed his sleepy eyes were so sharp that they threatened to render him sightless, upon the first incautious movement.

Casting a vexed glance of contempt upon this figure, attired in clothes entirely too short and tight for it, Mrs. Aaron David turned toward the door, not with any intention of opening the same, but simply to intimate to the knocker, now becoming importunate, that he had better try some other system of calisthenics.

“What is it?”

That question, in her highest and sharpest key, and with the curious power of emphasizing every syllable, which belongs only to small, black-eyed women of thirty-three and upward.

"Open, in the king's name," replied a deep, mellow voice outside.

"We don't open in nothin'—not this door. Not after half-past ten. If you come to stay all night, go to the other door. If you want liquor, go home to your family and do without it."

This advice, admirable as it was in itself, failed to modify the course of the applicant for admission; and, in answer to a third and particularly vigorous summons, Mrs. David, beginning to entertain the idea that a certain expected guest might, possibly, have arrived before his time, suddenly seized Ahasuerus, who had ventured imprudently near her, and spun him across the room in the direction of the door.

The intelligence of the colored servitor at once grasped the entire subject and viewed it in all its bearings. With a hand as dextrous as it was skinny, he drew back the fastenings, flung the door wide, and discovered, upon the threshold, a stately gentleman, whose cloak falling apart disclosed the uniform of a British officer.

Mrs. David retired a few steps in some consternation. Her husband placed himself in front of her, not without a glance of solicitude around his well-stored bar.

The officer stepped forward.

"Wal, I swow!" exclaimed Aaron. "Blest if I knowed ye."

But his extended hand was brushed aside by Mrs. David, always brisk, who caught the new-comer by both arms, merely, by way of welcome, uttering his name.

"Gerald Pemberton!"

"How are you both?" said Gerald, shaking hands with the husband and wife together.

"You are safe so fur!" said Aaron.

"Heaven be praised!" added Mrs. David.

"Amen!" cried the lieutenant. And, plainly, he was in earnest. "Aaron, I am chilled through."

"Which means," said mine host, passing with alacrity behind his counter, "a glass of sugar toddy."

"That is the exact translation, Aaron. Mrs D., by your leave—"

"Law! cousin Gerald!"

The lieutenant bowed his head solemnly, and raised it, laughing. Buxom Mrs. David laughed with him, and blushed all by herself. Aaron busied himself with the sugar toddy and smiled genially.

"You see I'm so delighted at getting here," said the lieutenant, by way of apology.

"And I'm just as delighted to see you, you brave boy," returned Mrs. David. "If you were no kin to me I could kiss you. I love Washington and I love his soldiers."

"What! all of 'em?" cried Aaron, pausing with the spoon in one hand and the tumbler in the other.

"All of 'em," replied his wife, "and if cousin Gerald pleases he may do it again."

Whereupon cousin Gerald did it again without loss of time.

"Come, come!" said Aaron.

"That's for yourself," said Mrs. David. "Now give this to Captain McLane!"

And, rising suddenly on tiptoe, she caught the young officer by both ears, and bestowed a resounding salute full upon his lips.

"Hallo! Hallo, there!" cried Aaron; but he was quite serene as he handed over the sugar toddy.

"And now," continued Mrs. David, still in a great flutter of excitement, "I have news for you. A young lady—"

"One moment," said Gerald. "My horse—"

"That's clear *man!*" cried Mrs. David. "I say to him 'young lady,' and he answers 'horse.' Hazrearos! Drat that boy! He's always out of the way when—"

"Here I is."

And the young Ethiop's dark-lantern jaws appeared through the crack of the door.

"Go and see to Mr. Gerald's—"

"Missis, I's seen to him."

And Ahasuerus, who did not always find it safe to protract an interview with his mistress, vanished.

"And now for the young lady," said the lieutenant, sipping his toddy, and flanking the stove with his great riding-boots. Very symmetrical legs had the lieutenant.

"Do you know her?"

"I can tell rather better after I have heard her name."

"True," said the landlady, disdaining to notice a derisive "Ha!" from her husband. "My brain's in a whirl to-night. Her name's Mistress Lucy Normandie, and a pretty one it is and she's worthy of it."

"Never heard of her," said Gerald.

"But she has heard of you," returned Mrs. David, with asperity. "More than that, she heard you were expected here, and sure to be taken if you came; and, more than that, she rode over here from Burlington last night, with her cousin, Cap'n Langstaff, who rode back to-day; and more than that, she came on purpose to warn you and save you; and more than *that*, she's in the next room now."

So saying, the landlady caught Gerald briskly by the hand, and briskly drew him after her into the inn-parlor.

Yes, it was true. Lucy De Normandie had arrived, the night before, with Royal Langstaff, and had been too much exhausted to return with him. Perhaps something like curiosity to see the gallant fellow, to whom she had rendered such important service, superadded itself to her fatigue and trifling indisposition. But, by evening, rest and refreshment had done their good work, and the young lady had never looked lovelier than at that moment, beside the glowing hearth in Aaron David's parlor.

And possibly Gerald Pemberton had presented a less imposing appearance than just then, when Mrs. David led him up to the chair in which Lucy was reclining. His figure was set off to advantage by his gorgeous military dress, his clear complexion freshened by the frosty air, his fine face glowing with the light of expectancy. Under no circumstances could his presentation to her have been to him more favorable.

Certainly, he was the very reverse of Royal. Had Royal been truly wise he would have remained at Medford.

"I am so glad that I came!" said Lucy.

"You have saved my life!" said Gerald.

He took the hand she offered him, and raised it to his lips.

It would have been so much better for Royal if he had remained.

"You will go back now, of course!" entreated Lucy.

"Go back? Of course he will!" cried Mrs. David, briskly.

"I can not promise that," said Gerald, still holding in his own the little hand that did not try to disengage itself; "but I shall change my route, and, not improbably, my dress."

"Yes, yes, I can not bear to think of you in disguise," said Lucy, and, having said, blushed crimson.

Mrs. Langstaff always had lamented Lucy's "distressing impulsiveness."

"But you must go at once," she hastened to say; "the party will be here at eleven."

"It is now half-past ten," said Gerald, calmly. "Well, I must retreat in good order, I suppose. Miss De Normandie, for what you have done may God bless you. I trust you will suffer no serious inconvenience from last night's exposure."

"That is nothing," said Lucy, rising. "Go, I implore you."

"If it were only my own mere life—" began the lieutenant.

"And is that nothing?" cried Lucy. Poor girl! she was so impulsive.

"Why *did* they send *you*?" Mrs. David struck in, in a little whirlwind.

"Because there was no other man true enough and brave enough to come."

"Good-night," said the lieutenant, hastily; and he looked handsomer than ever, when he blushed. "Miss De Normandie, I trust that we shall meet again. Cousin Sue—"

"You'd better kiss *her* than an old woman like me!" cried Mrs. David, "and you, may be, after all, going to your death."

"As a brother!" exclaimed Gerald.

How those large, fine eyes of Lucy's would have warned away anybody else! Yes, how they would have warned away even Royal Langstaff, even then! But, they did not warn away the lieutenant. They were drooped and her head was bowed.

He stooped and touched her cheek, lightly and reverently, with his lips, and was gone.

"Mrs. David!" exclaimed Lucy, raising her eyes, "I never heard of such a thing!"

"No one else will ever hear of it," said Mrs. David. "I feel

as if the boy was riding to his fate, and dead men tell no tales, Lucy De Normandie."

With that she walked out of the room, and Lucy, finding herself alone, bolted all the doors and then sunk back in her chair and began to cry.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN FITZ IN TWO CHARACTERS.

AGAIN did Mrs. David resume her seat in the bar-room, and again, just where she had left off, did she resume the discussion of Ahasuerus' destiny. But, in that theme she was destined to interruption.

There came, all at once, a dull, crunching sound in the snow, then heavy steps on the porch, low voices without and a succession of thundering knocks at the bar-room door. Unquestionably, they had come; there was no help for it, and Aaron, with a glance at his wife, shrugged his broad shoulders and proceeded to answer the summons. A British officer—unfortunately, there was no disguise this time—entered the apartment and a dozen soldiers filed in after him.

"Ahron Deavid!" said the leader of these unwelcome guests.

Aaron drew himself up to his full height and looked the officer in both eyes, direct.

"I heerd ye."

"Divil fly away wid ye! shut the doore."

Aaron obeyed, and then, folding his arms, waited to be spoken to.

"I'm sint heré wuth me men to take possission."

"I've no doubt you'll do it," returned Aaron, with a rueful glance at his bottles.

"Me biznis will appare in toime. Meself and frinds will have the playsure of spindin mebbe a day or two—mebbe an hour or two, in yer beautiful rural retrait, and sorra a sowl comes into the house or goes out of it, forbye ourselves, while we're here. D'ye mind that now?"

Aaron nodded.

"Supper, av ye plaze!"

Aaron mentally counted the party and looked doubtfully at his wife.

"Who's to pay?" demanded that brisk little lady, rustling, all at once, into the middle of the room, and causing the chief of the invaders to start back, as she confronted him.

"The misthress, is it? Mrs. Ahron Deevide, I make bowld to prayshume! I'm proud to inthrojuice to yer favorable notice so ondesarvin a parsonage as meself. Captain Fitz, at yer sarvice."

At the name of this daring Tory, afterward so celebrated, and even then not without its terrors, the landlady betrayed so much discomposure that her stalwart husband stepped quickly to her side. But as quickly regaining her self-possession, Mrs. David reiterated her demand.

"There's eight and three's eleven and two is thirteen of ye. Now *I* say, who's to pay?"

"Vartue, madam!" returned the captain, after contemplating her for a moment in silence, "vartue is its own rewarred."

"Virtue won't pay for my provisions," returned Mrs. David, stoutly.

"Let yer payment, then," said Captain Fitz, "consist in the proud consciousness of ractitude in havin' sarved yer king for wanst; and in the recollection of not havin' had yer domd reballious house burrued down about yer domd reballious airs—and be domd to ye."

But the effect of this explosion of the captain's was much impaired by Mrs. David's whisking out of the room and banging the door behind her.

The captain, urbanely recovering himself, turned to his host, and clapping him on the shoulder said:

"Ahron Deevide, ye'll excuse me plisantry wuth yer woife. Weemin and harses are aloike. Cuss 'em a little and they'll go all the better. I've heard tell that ye were the bye for the shuggar toddies. Thartane tumblers o' that same delactable biverage, av ye plaze. And I'll take me own in the parlor."

He was moving toward the door when Aaron, with a tumbler already in his hand, put himself in the way.

"Beggin' yer pard'n, cap'n; there's a young lady in there."

"Divil fly away with ye!" cried the captain, "what's that to me. Sure I'll not harrum her."

And, the doors being unbolted from within, he passed into the room, where Aaron, bringing his toddy, found him playing the agreeable to Miss De Normandie, and where he remained until summoned to the feast without.

As Captain Fitz cast a glance over the festive preparations, a smile dawned upon his genial features; and he took his place at the head of the table with such an air as might have become one of his own royal ancestors, in his castle among the lakes and bogs of Ireland.

"Will ye greece our faste, Misthress De Normandie?" he called out to Lucy; and the young lady, determined to be compliance and complaisance themselves, accepted his invitation, and took a vacant chair upon his right.

"And now, madam," said the captain, addressing Mrs. David, "as none but the brave deserve the fair, and Vanus should iver polish the armor of Mares, I'll be afther thrubblin' ye to sind Captain Fitz Partherick's compliments and safe-conduct to the young gyairls of the neighborhood, and afther supper we'll hev a donee, if there's a fuddler in this benoighted and reballious raygion."

This question was solved at once by the totally unexpected coming out of Ahasuerus, who, standing behind the captain's chair, peeped round over his shoulder with the announcement

"Massa Fitz, I kin play de fiddle."

The captain faced round in his seat and contemplated the volunteer musician with looks of undisguised amazement, not unmingled with horror.

"And hev ye got iver a fuddle to play on, ye livin' skille-ton?" he demanded.

"Yes, massa. She gimme it,"—indicating Miss De Normandie.

"Thin, be yer l'ave, Misthress, we'll dhrink yer health," cried the captain; which toast was drank, accordingly, and that standing, and with uproarious applause.

Lucy had grave doubts about the young ladies; or, as the captain said, "the gyairls"; thinking that they would be harder to find than the fiddle; but, as all things are possible to him that wills, and as it is a melancholy characteristic of

human nature to be waked up from whatever slumber by repeated knockings, and as it is not in woman's nature to refuse whatever hath the semblance of a ball, there appeared, in the course of five and thirty minutes, half a score or so of buxom country lasses, attended by their brothers, fathers, or sweet-hearts. The table was cleared away; the bar-room, dining-room, parlor and great hall were thrown open and lighted; Ahasuerus brought down his fiddle and took his position; and Captain Fitz Patrick led off the mazy dance with Mrs. Aaron David, and immediately afterward performed a minuet with Lucy.

"Did ever I see a skilleton play the fiddle before!" muttered the captain, as they passed Ahasuerus, who was "going, all over," like a jumping-jack.

Lucy did not answer. She was thinking of Gerald Pemberton, congratulating herself that she had so well succeeded in engrossing the captain's attention, and calculating how far the fugitive had been able to retreat, in an hour and twenty-five minutes. In all this, however, she reckoned without her host; for Gerald was, at that moment, only three fields off, personating a doctor and driving rapidly through the pines in an open sleigh, containing numerous furs, some hot bricks and a medicine-chest.

The minuet which Lucy and the captain were performing, to the admiration of all beholders, carried them from the top of the long parlor to the bottom thereof, and then back again; and so, eventually, brought them into a position commanding the entire extent of the long hall, with the great folding-doors that closed its perspective and opened on the front porch. As they reached this position, and just as the captain was executing a prodigious bow to his partner, one of the doors was opened by somebody in the hall, and, on the threshold, dressed in a thick riding-habit, with hat and feather like an officer's, with military-looking gauntlets, with a heavily-loaded riding-whip in her hand and a brace of pistols at her belt, stood, like a queen, Miriam Doane.

"Captain Fitz Patrick!" she demanded.

"That's not the spy—sure!" muttered the captain; and then, recognizing her, he stepped forward with an exclamation of surprise.

"Have you made the arrest?" she asked, imperiously, and utterly regardless of his salutations.

"Divil a wan," returned the captain; "sure, he's not come yet."

"Nor will he," answered Miriam, "unless he has already come and gone. Of that your late partner, sir, can inform you."

"Divil fly away with ye!" muttered the captain. "What d'ye mane?" But for Miriam's hearing, he put the question into the more courteous shape of, "Wud ye be afther explainin yersilf, Misthress Doane?"

"Yes," she replied. "That woman," and she indicated Lucy, "learned, last night, from some officers at Mrs. Langstaff's, that the spy was expected here and would be captured when he came."

"Sure, don't I know that?" interrupted the captain; "wasn't I there? And what then?"

"Only this, sir: that she left the house after midnight; rode down here, and has probably met him somewhere and warned him away."

"Is this thrue, Misthress De Normandie?" demanded the captain, gravely.

"I must decline to answer," said Lucy, firmly; but her heart sunk as the captain, turning to Miriam, said, quietly:

"Sure, it'll not matter, Misthress Doane; there's other parties out afther him, and he's caught by this."

"These facts," continued Miriam, "having been made known to Colonel Rahl, he has sent back, by the messenger, an order for the arrest of Lucinda De Normandie."

This announcement caused a profound sensation. The captain looked at once blank and black.

"And did ye come yer alone?" he asked, turning to Lucy.

"I must again decline to answer, Captain Fitz."

"*Did* she, you, Misthress Doane?"

"I must decline to answer," said Miriam.

"Divil fly away—" began the captain; but he checked himself, and said only: "I'll thrubble ye for me orders, Misthress Doane."

Miriam handed him a folded paper.

"That woman, sir," said Miriam, as he glanced over the warrant, "came here to aid and assist in his rebellion a paid

spy of the traitor Washington. She deserves to share what, as I hope, will be the fate of both."

"Bad 'cess to ye," growled the captain. "Wan woman tryin' to hev another honged! Have ye stolen her swate-heart, Misthress Lucy?"

Lucy turned scarlet. Miriam turned white.

"Ay, ay," said the captain, "I see how it is. Sure, she'll niver forgive ye."

"You will obey your orders, sir!" said Miriam.

"Sure, an' I will," replied Captain Fitz, "and no need of you to tell me."

"They direct you, I believe, to take her at once to Trenton."

"They do, so they do," acquiesced the captain; "but, parmut me to observe, Misthress Lucy De Narmandie, that sorra a one o' uz 'll iver think the less o' ye for thryin' to presarve the loife ov a breevè mon."

This sentiment was received with cheers.

"I thank you, sir," replied Lucy. "I have only to ask that you will permit me to prepare for my journey."

"'Dade, thin, will I," said the captain. "Misthress Deev-vid, will ye see that the poor gyairl has wrappings enough, and hot bricks to her fate? Sure, I'll take her in a sleigh." And he added, as the women of the party busied themselves eagerly for Lucy, "We'll make it all as aisy for ye as possible. I've a frind at Stacey Potts's tavern at Trinton, and I'll take ye there, let alone it's Colonel Rol's head-quarters."

Presently Lucy found herself seated in a sleigh, beside the valiant captain, buried in furs, surrounded by the escort, and gliding swiftly over the long, long road of snow between Medford and Trenton.

Miriam Doane lost no time, after the party had set out. She hastened to her horse, mounted without assistance, and followed. Whether she was known to all the sentinels at all the outposts, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that she passed them, in succession, with scarce the delay of a moment, and followed on to Burlington. From the time she left her starting point till she reached her destination, she had kept her eyes incessantly upon the sleigh; and when it turned away toward Trenton, she remained, long after it was out of sight, looking in the direction it had taken.

CHAPTER V.

GOOD-BY AND HOW D'YE DO.

It was half-past three when they rode into the streets of Trenton, and it was bitter cold. Lucy shivered in her furs, though her companion had not only kept her closely muffled, but had supplied her, from time to time, with certain warm beverages, to prepare which, at Mount Holly, at Burlington and at Bordentown, he had roused, with desperate energy, the grumbling people of the inns. Thanks to his friendly exertions, his fair captive had fallen into a light slumber, from which she was only beginning to be awakened by the cold as they neared their destination; and, indeed, from the time they left their last stopping-place, she had felt as if she were but dreaming of being borne smoothly on through the darkness, over the snow; had felt as if she had dreamed the company, of the night before, at Mrs. Langstaff's—the cold, quick canter to Medford—her betrothal to Royal Langstaff, and the consciousness that, oppressing her all day, had, at last, become a voice in the air, repeating over and over again, “‘Yes’ ought to have been ‘No.’ Wrong, wrong”; as if she had dreamed the night and day at Aaron David's inn—as if Gerald Pemberton—no—she had not dreamed *him*. He was real, vivid, and with her always. All through the dreamy memories of the last two days—all through that dreary ride, he seemed to stand beside her, looking down upon her, with just the expression in his eyes that she had caught, a moment ere she dropped her own, as the audacious fellow kissed her cheek. While the old scenes and friends of all her life were dim, he was plain to her, living, real. And she had met him only once!

But then she had thought of him—intensely. She awoke, next morning, in Stacey Potts' tavern; in a bed, of which her last recollection had been that it was extremely warm and comfortable, and the first object that her eyes encountered was the funniest little old Irishwoman she had ever seen in

her life. This personage, who sat by the window, busily plying her knitting-needles and looking out into the street all the time, was attired in rich black silk, having a spotless kerchief pinned across her breast, and being surmounted, as to her head, by an enormous white cap, with flaps like the ears of an elephant. Her face appeared to consist entirely of wrinkles, save and except only the pair of shining black beads that were her eyes. The gentle movement that she had made, in waking, had not disturbed this ancient lady; and Lucy, finding her bed even more comfortable than it had felt to her the night before, lay luxuriously still and contemplated her attendant, who was, also, as she did not doubt, her guard.

Presently, however, she was seized with a violent inclination to cough, and, yielding to it, attracted the old woman's attention.

"Good-morning," said Lucy.

"Gude-marning," was the reply; "heaven bless the purty face of ye. Sure ye're like the gyairl I lost in the ould country."

"Am I?"

"Ye are, so ye are, but faith an' I've not inthrojuiced mesilf. I'm the baby's mother."

"*You!*" thought Lucy. "Good gracious, woman!" But she said, "And how is the baby?"

"Sure the baby's well; the saints be praised!"

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Lucy. "If ye'll retire, for a few moments, I'll get up."

The old woman shook her head.

"Amn't I gyard'n ye?" said she; "but I can help ye dress, I can, so I can."

"The baby's outside," she continued, as she assisted Lucy in her necessarily brief and simple toilet.

"Ah! out of doors this cold morning?"

"No, no! outside o' *that* doore, waitin' to see ye; the baby's bin very anxious about ye."

"Dear little thing!" exclaimed Lucy.

Whereupon the old woman looked at her, very hard, over her spectacles, but said nothing.

"Was not the town very noisy last night?" Lucy asked by way of resuming the conversation. "It seems to me I had a

vague impression of a great many lights and much tramping and singing; but I was too sleepy to be quite sure."

"Noisy is it!" cried her impromptu tiring-woman; "faith an' ye may say that. Sure the byes is kapin' up Christmas, and Colonel Rol himself was out, all night, playin' cyards; more be token that there came a message for him."

"Ah!" said Lucy, not very much interested; and then, remembering the baby, added, "I wouldn't keep that child out in the cold entry; let it come in. I'll open the door."

"Wait, wait!" cried the old lady, running to intercept her. "See now, till ye get your drass on ye. It'll never do, this way."

"Why not?" demanded Lucy; and, certainly, there did seem a good reason for her surprise, for she was so exquisitely lovely, in her skirts and corsets, that even a baby ought to have appreciated her and gone to her, directly.

"Bide a bit," said the old lady, helping her with her dress

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?" asked Lucy, after completing her toilet.

"See for yersilf!" cried the old woman, opening the chamber door. "See, baby! here she is."

"Why, where is the baby?" asked Lucy.

"There, sure!" answered the old woman, as Captain Fitz presented himself.

"She's bewildered ye intoirely I persave," said he. "It's a habit she has of callin' me baby. She contracted it in my extrame youth, an' I doubt she'll niver git over it."

"An' so ye are," said the old woman, "ye're all the baby I've got, an' it's the good baby ye are, though I say it that shouldn't."

"He was a very kind baby, to me, last night," said Lucy, offering him her hand.

"He honors ye as ye deserve," replied the captain, "and he'll git this onplizant business over for ye, and take ye back to Burlin'ton the day or his name's not Fitz Partherick. Manetoime, Misthress Lucy, as the colonel's out jist, and as the breakfast is riddy we'll prepeere oursilves for what's before us."

And to the breakfast-room they descended accordingly.

During the progress of the meal Lucy remarked that the

town was as quiet that morning as it had been noisy on the preceding night.

"Parade's an hour and a half later," said the captain, "be raison of Christmas. Faith an' it was the jolly time we had. I've not been to bed."

There was an interval of silence in which the ticking of a tall clock reminded Lucy that her watch had run down.

"What time is it?" asked the captain, who sat where he could not see the clock.

"Half past seven," answered Lucy.

Another interval of silence, during which breakfast came to a close for their own party, and began for several officers who came in, one by one, and sat down sulkily, growling German, now and then, under their heavy mustaches.

"The colonel should be home by this," observed Fitz; "he told me half past seven. Misthress Lucy, did ye rest well the night?"

"Not very," said Lucy.

"The time now, av ye plaze?"

"A quarter to eight."

"Divil fly away with the colonel, where is he? Had ye had dhrammes?"

"I dreamt about a battle," said Lucy.

"A battle is it!" cried Mrs. Fitz Patrick; "we're far enough out o' that. That ould Washin't'n, the thafe o' the world—savin' yer prizzence, miss—he's clane kilt entoirely."

"Haw doo combaw!" said the captain; and there are reasons for believing that he meant, *kors du combat*.

"Bad 'cess to him," said the old lady. "The spalpeen! He's quiet enough the day, an' only too glad to be let alone; but Sir Walliam Howe'll be afther him, in the spring. Thin for the battles! But there'll be none the day—The saints be about us, what's that?"

The party at the table sat like statues.

"Howly Moses! Thin's the guns!"

And, in that instant, the house and town together seemed to rise in confusion. Away went the officers; away went the captain; and up-stairs, to Lucy's chamber, ran Mrs. Fitz Patrick, drawing Lucy after her, and holding tight to her wrist all the way.

They gained the window, which Lucy would have opened; but the old woman, better versed in the dangers of warfare, and rightly judging that they were, or would be presently, in the midst of the fight, restrained her.

"There's Colonel Rol himself," said she, pointing to an officer mounting in front of the inn. "Look, while it's safe; we'd be down in the cellar prizzintly, I'm thinkin'."

Looking, Lucy saw the street in utter confusion; a struggling mass of soldiery; men running together in all directions; officers flying hither and thither, waving their swords and shouting; windows and doors opening everywhere, and people flying from the scene of combat, or looking out upon it with white faces; while, from moment to moment, nearer and nearer came the rattling of small-arms, answered, presently, by musketry from the town, and by the thunders of a battery close at hand, that shook the dry old house, and made it jump and clatter with all its window-panes. Directly there came a rattling on the roof and under the eaves; a vengeful whistling past the windows. Small boughs began to drop suddenly from the trees. Then a man fell; then a woman, who had tried to cross the street; then more men. Shrieks and groans were mingled with the other noises. The air grew hazy and smelt horribly of sulphur; the glass above them crashed; and the old lady had drawn Lucy back from the window, and was pointing to a bullet-hole in the ceiling, when the captain, sword in hand, stood at the open door, crying to them that the cellar was the only place of safety. Each of these things seemed to be happening constantly and all at once.

"Kiss me, baby! The saints be about ye, baby!"

The captain sped away, and his mother sobbed on Lucy's shoulder, down in the subterranean chambers, where the other women of the house were huddled together, like a flock of frightened sheep. They appeared to be in a perfect whirlpool of the fight. Around them, above them, up the street and down, but always growing louder, swept the storm of battle; till not the house only but the very ground seemed shaken. Lucy's watch measured, by minutes, the time which her sensations gauged by hours. After some five and thirty of these hours, came back the captain, grimed and hideous but still unhurt.

"It's gone clane against us!" cried he. "Rol's down and we're whupped. Good-by, mother; ye're safe enough. I'll run rather than surrinder."

"The saints be about ye, baby! Kiss me, baby!"

And off went the "baby," through the back cellar-window, over fences and across gardens, and over the hills and far away, aiming, as his mother knew and hesitated not to tell Lucy, for Princeton.

"But, is he not in dreadful danger?"

"Arrah, honey, it's but little ye know the baby!" said Mrs. Fitz, with enviable serenity.

"But you?"

"Och, thin, I'm safe enough. Who'd harrum an owld cratur like me?"

And now, as the women emerged from the lower regions, they encountered the invaders rushing in. There was wild work in the bar-room; for all the officers appeared to be elsewhere, and the stragglers, for a few moments, had their will. Several of the girls were caught and kissed directly, and Lucy would have shared their fate had not some one in authority at last appeared, and jerked backward her assailant, whose coat-collar gave way under the operation.

"Hout awa wi' ye, ye daft callant!" cried her preserver, "kisin' the handmaidens when ye sould be givin' thanks for the vouchsafin' and upliftin' o' this dee."

The officer was a tall, rawboned, powerful veteran, who looked the very embodiment of courage and endurance. His age might be not far from fifty, and his countenance, one in which benevolence blended strangely with an iron will, was scarred by the scathing of more than one past conflict. A moment's glance at Lucy appeared to convince him that she was the social superior of the other women, over whom he was extending his protection, and he advanced to her with a bow, saying:

"The instant peril is past, mistress; ye may e'en tak yer hoose again."

"I am not the mistress of the inn," replied Lucy. "I am here against my will. Till you came I was a prisoner. I am from Burlington, and my name is De Normandie."

"Lucy De Normandie!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'm blithe to see ye. I'm Captain Allan McLane, and there's one no far fra this wha will be blithe to see ye likewise."

And stepping to the porch, the captain beckoned to some one without; then returning, was followed in a moment by Gerald Pemberton.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FOR several months the Quaker City, depending on Washington at Morristown and Middlebrook, laid itself down in peace and slept, and woke up and went about its business very much in the old way, save for occasional growls at rising prices and falling currency, occasional appearances of supply trains, troops or prisoners, and occasional disputations, oratorical and pugilistic, between the fiercer spirits, royalist and republican.

During these months, Lucy had been an inmate of William Darrach's home—a frame building, on the southern side of Dock creek. It has long since disappeared, for the city has spread over its site, and for a league beyond it; but then it stood in the suburbs, being, in fact, no less an edifice than the old "Loxley House," two stories high, with its gable end toward the street, and a preposterous balcony in front of it, which gave it the air of an uncommonly fat little boy, carrying an uncommonly large waiter.

Thither Gerald Pemberton, in command of a small escort, had conveyed Lucy; and there, an exile from her old home, while war swept to and fro through the land, had Lucy remained, at rest, if not in positive happiness. All intercourse between her aunt's family and herself had ceased, with the arrival of her trunks from Burlington, and with the delivery of a letter, wherein Miriam Doane, writing for Mrs. Langstaff, informed the heart-stricken Lucy that Royal had been court-martialed for his share in her expedition, and degraded to th

ranks; that his mother was utterly broken by the dreadful shock, and of course would never again consent to see her.

Lucy was glad enough of her haven of rest. She had many friends, and not a few old schoolmates, in the city, but she did not seek them, nor they her. She busied herself in Lydia's household. She made herself occasionally useful in William's school. She did not go so far as to assume the Quaker garb, but the Friends "Bank-meeting" often opened its doors to her on First Day, and it is to be feared that the younger male friends regarded her with a friendliness that sometimes interfered with the serenity of their devotions. But the hearts of the broad-brimmed youths fluttered in vain beneath their sober-minded waistcoats. In vain did they, and other youths, wearing much more worldly garments, walk out, over Second Bridge, past the Loxley house and so on to Bathsheba's Bower and Society Hill and back again. They saw the young beauty sometimes on that utterly unreasonable balcony; but she seldom rewarded them by so much as a careless glance. Equally barren of result were their visits to Friend William, who had suddenly become astonishingly popular among the young gentlemen of Philadelphia!

Either Lucy's heart was elsewhere, or, save in her own balmy bosom, it was nowhere. In fact the latter, in those quiet days, was pretty near the truth. All thought of Royal Langstaff, unless it came as an occasional self-reproach, was ended. Gerald Pemberton had returned to his duty; that duty kept him at a distance. The fortunes of war were uncertain and she might never see him again. "Do not cry thyself sick about it," had been the advice of Lydia. "Do not trust thyself to think of him till his country no longer needs him;—and, above all, remember that he has never asked thee to be his wife."

So the old sorrows—the sorrow of Gerald's going; the sorrow that for many weeks after she had found a home with the Darrachs, came to her whenever she thought of her old home, of her aunt widowed and childless—for she had openly disowned her son—of Royal himself, bearing his musket as a common soldier; of Miriam Doane who loved him so truly, so sternly, and so hopelessly: these griefs began slowly to wear themselves away.

Meantime, her new home was far more truly home to her than the old ever had been. Dependent as she was upon the Darrachs, they, unlike her aunt, were far enough from allowing her to feel it, or betraying that they themselves were conscious of it. She had spoken to Lydia of finding some employment. Lydia heard her all through, and then answered, quietly: "Thou art very welcome here, Lucy."

She had spoken again and Mrs. Darrach had interrupted her, saying:

"If thou lovest me, Lucy, thou wilt not renew the subject. It is painful."

She had tried for the third time, but Lydia had replied:

"Then, thou dost not love me, after all."

And Lucy had gone down upon her knees beside her friend, and flung her arms around her, and kissed the sweet, calm face, and left her plans and purposes for good and all.

Nobody is perfectly happy; but after the coldness of her aunt, always manifest to her, Lucy had found affection; after danger, safety; in the midst of war she had found the land of peace; after long weariness and turmoil, not appreciated in their misery while they lasted, and only recognized for what they had really been, by contrast with her present life, came rest and comfort, and she was content, without looking for one moment beyond the calmness of her daily life.

"I shall live here always," she said to Lydia, "and take care of your children."

"But then," answered the Quakeress, "who will take care of thy own?"

Lucy shook her head.

"I'm settled for life, now," said she.

Her prophecy was just as correct as such prophecies usually are. A change was in store for her. Old wounds reopened were to bleed afresh; old hopes, transitory, vain, as she had long regarded them, were to be aroused once more to high pulsation in her heart.

William Darrach came back from the city, one evening, with the paper in his hand—weekly paper, oh reader!—"The Pennsylvania Gazette." Pausing at the gate to speak to Lucy and his wife, who were watching there for his arrival, he pointed to an announcement that startled both of them

with the feeling that the tide of strife was drawing near, and one of them with the feeling that perhaps some one else was drawing near also.

“To-morrow the Continental army will march through the city. To proceed along Front street and up Chestnut street”

They were led by Washington in person.

Can you see them? Can you hear the distant drums? Can you distinguish the stately figure of the Great Chief?

How the crowds gather along the sidewalks! How the boys climb the lamp-posts, and the trees, and clamber up the watchmen's boxes and line the garden walls! How the street doors and the windows open and are filled with gazers! How the girls come to look down upon the brave men who have fought and conquered, and will fight again and conquer gloriously for their land and them! The army of the first campaign!! The army of Trenton and Princeton! the men, who, following that leader of men, under the higher leadings of Providence, swept back the dark clouds that shadowed the old Thirteen Colonies in that dreadful winter—they are coming—toil-worn, strife-hurt, travel-stained, poorly-clad, scantily-armed; they are *coming*! Now the drums. Now the music. Here they are. There is the Chief amid his staff. There shine the bayonets. Have your kerchiefs ready for the waving, my fair young mistresses on the projecting balconies, in the windows, by the wide, front garden gates! Hats off, gentlemen, and hurrah! Clash your big bells, great church, as they look up to your steeple that so many of them will never see again! Shout, little boy, and wave your torn straw-hat as you look up wonderingly at the cavalymen so high above you on their horses!

And you, Lucy de Normandie, as you stand on the steps of the Bank Meeting, whither you fled when the crowd caught you, and where you are waving your kerchief with the prettiest of all the pretty hands: keep down that gush of tearful welcome, if you can, as, turning from his place among the troopers, flinging his bridle to the noisy small boy by the curb, making his way through the crowd, Gerald Pemberton springs up the steps of the Bank Meeting, calling you by name and holding out both hands to you.

CHAPTER VII

OF COURSE.

THE army of the Continental Congress was reduced in numbers when it crossed the Schuylkill on its march to its defeat at Brandywine. It had suffered a temporary loss of—one; and as Lucy did not regret that loss to her country, it may be inferred that the officer detailed on recruiting service was a lieutenant, in Captain McLane's company of dragoons.

"Provoking, to be left here, while they've all gone where glory is waiting!"

Such was Gerald's hypocritical remark to Lucy, one evening when they were alone on the absurd balcony, under the September moon.

But, she knew perfectly well that he had reasons of his own for being thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement that left him in Philadelphia.

"How many men have you now?"

"Thirty-seven. When I have fifty I shall go."

"Oh! I hope you will not get them."

"Thank you. But, indeed, you would not hope so if you knew how they were needed. A battle is imminent, and, it's either victory or the British come to Philadelphia."

It was a remarkably pleasant September night—rather late—not far from half past ten. From a distant room Friend William could be heard, snoring at intervals. Friend Lydia had indiscreetly withdrawn to a still more distant portion of the fat little edifice; in fact, to the back kitchen, where she was engaged in performing certain mysterious manipulations with a flatiron upon some delicate muslin fabrics, greatly to the improvement of the latter. More concisely, she was ironing.

The little garden was beautiful in the moonlight. Bathsheba's bower nearly opposite was deserted. So was the road before the house. The young lieutenant and the young lady felt themselves quite alone, and—they enjoyed it!

"I hope you won't get away till after the battle," said Lucy.

"I am astonished!" said the lieutenant.

"Why?"

"Because I thought you were patriotic."

"I am."

Lucy was sitting at the corner of the balcony, leaning against the pillar that supported the roof, and resting her beautiful arm, bare to the elbow, on the railing. Lieutenant Pemberton occupied a place on the same settee, but at a respectful distance. Lucy, in looking down into the garden, looked away from him, and she had often found occasion, on that evening, to look down into the garden.

"Patriotic!" resumed Gerald. "And yet, you would withhold from your country the service even of one so valueless as myself."

"You are not valueless," answered Lucy; "you are a dear friend of mine, if you will let me call you so."

"The permission is graciously accorded," said the lieutenant. "It is not unnatural that you should like me."

"Well, upon my word, sir!" cried Lucy.

"Hear me out. It is the most natural thing in the world to like those upon whom we have conferred great benefits."

"What do you mean?" she asked, simply.

"You saved my life."

"Oh!"

"Yes. And now I wish you would take it."

"Take your life?"

"And give me yours in exchange."

"Oh, Gerald!"

"Lucy, yes! Lucy, my own, own darling! Lucy!"

He was close beside her now. He had taken her hand in his, and she had left it there, but she was looking down into the garden, very hard indeed.

"I love you, sweet! I had not meant to tell you till this war was all over, but, I can not help it. I am going away, perhaps in a week, perhaps sooner. Lucy, I can not go, till I have heard my fate from you."

"Oh, Gerald! I have never thought of this!"

"Why not?"

"Because I never dared to think of it."

"And still why not?"

"Because I never dared to hope it would come true."

"It is true. Lucy, darling, do you love me?"

"I have loved you ever since I saw you, Gerald."

And when she made that confession, his arm was round her and her face was hidden on his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

OF all discontented, impatient, fidgety men, Lieutenant Pemberton was the most restive and fretful, after the disastrous battle of Brandywine and during the subsequent occupation, by the British, of the city where he had left his affianced wife. Of all watchful and bold riders and raiders, Gerald Pemberton was the most vigilant and daring. Now, scouring the roads with Captain McLane to intercept loyalist or mercenary farmers, on their way into the city with provisions, or out again with English gold. Now, off upon scouts to ascertain the force or position of some one or the other of the detachments that were incessantly marching out of the city and marching back again. Now, making with confederates, just within the suburbs, appointments apparently impossible to be kept, and keeping them punctually at all hazards. Now, skirting the city with McLane, in the dark and cold of the winter's night, and still further following the example of that renowned partisan leader by pouring the rum of his canteen into his boots, to keep his feet from freezing.

His already respectable military reputation grew rapidly, under these exercises; and his name being more than once associated with that of his daring leader in exploits particularly hazardous, he was publicly complimented by the Chief himself upon his gallantry.

"Gallantry!" said Captain McLane, nudging the blushing hero with his elbow, "*Gallantry!* Oho!"

And, indeed, the desire—never once gratified—to gain an interview with Lucy had quite as much share as patriotism or military ardor, in Gerald's heroics. There was one point on the Jersey shore whither he resorted whenever it was practicable, from whence, concealed in a certain wood, or in a house where he was known—yet in neither place without some risk of discovery—he could look across the stream and see the roof of William Darrach's house. To him, that was the only dwelling in the city that had life in it. All the rest formed but the setting of that single gem. The broad plain on which the city stood was, to him, only the platform where Lucy walked—the stately mansions and gardens only the background of her picture, and the sentinels, the fleet, the cannon, the earthworks, were in their respective places, only for the express purpose of keeping him away from her.

“Dinna ye rin the risk o’ a fa’ into the hands of the Philistines, Gerald lad?” said the captain. “Yer country is no sae weal dowered wi’ brave men that she can spare ye.”

But, as the winter crept on Gerald grew more and more daring.

“I’ll court-martial ye,” threatened the captain. “Ye’ll ken the inner side o’ the Walnut-street jail ain o’ these nights if ye gang as ye’re ganging, ye stiff-necked loon.”

Gerald had grown melancholy and morbid; and even the Walnut-street prison was better than the camp at Valley Forge if it gave him a chance of seeing Lucy. Yes; if he could just glance up and see her at her window as they led him by!

Perhaps Gerald was unjust to her. He never admitted to himself that he doubted her love or her constancy one moment. It was only that he knew Mrs. Lanestaff had removed to the city; that Lucy—(yes, he had found some kind friend in Burlington to tell him that)—had once been engaged to her cousin Royal; that Royal had been in Burlington, though not at his brother's house, on furlough, and had declared he would have his wife yet, in spite of them. It was only that he knew the world, young as he was, and dreaded the possibility of the renewal of old associations. Not that he feared Lucy's perfect faith to him. Again and again he assured himself of that; but he was fearful that she might be exposed

to unwelcome influences and distressed by them while he was away, and unable to protect her.

Nor were the hapless lieutenant's forebodings without good and sufficient reason, though he did not know it. Mercifully, perhaps, he was spared the knowledge that a new life had opened before Lucy, in which new scenes and associations were strangely blended with the old; that William Darrach's house had become the adjutant-general's head-quarters; that Major André, and Chaplain Bee, and the Honorable Cosmo Gordon, and a host of other officers from ship and regiment, were constantly at the Darrach house; that many of the young ladies belonging to the Tory families, discovering how many visitors called at Friend William's, suddenly remembered that they had been schoolmates or playmates of that sweet Miss De Normandie, and had taken her up, and invited her out, and flocked in their turn into the plain parlor of Friend William, and were so delighted with dear Lydia; while Lucy herself, at first unwilling, then indifferent, then interested, had at last begun thoroughly to enjoy the gayeties of that winter, finding in them a relief from her pining after Gerald.

If Lieutenant Pemberton had known all this, his anxiety had been greatly augmented; but not directly from that direction was there coming peril to his happiness—not even though Sir William Howe himself had become interested in Miss De Normandie—had condescended to say:

“It's a deuced pity to cast such a rich pearl before—the gentlemen of the colonies.”

And had set himself to work, through manifold agencies and influences, to convert Miss De Normandie to the Tory faction.

The real danger for Gerald began to develop itself, one dreary November evening, when a lady alighted from a carriage in front of Sir William's head-quarters, on the southern side of Market street, near Sixth, and desired admission.

The two sentinels, whose conical caps made them look, in the gathering dusk, like victims of the Inquisition, referred her to a third victim, who was leaning in the doorway and enjoying this advantage over his fellows, that, by its depth, he was serenely sheltered from the bitter wind.

The warrior, after a glance at the lady, hastily going in

with her card, and returning with an invitation to her to enter, stood aside, in the doorway, as she passed, and kept his face somewhat averted.

Not deigning to observe him, or troubling herself to think about him, the lady passed through an inner door, and turned from the hall into the back drawing-room, where Sir William awaited her, alone.

"You divine, Sir William, she began, after a formal salutation, "the errand upon which I come."

Sir William, splendidly illuminated by several candles, glittering in his uniform, elegant in his attitude, enough like Washington to have been his near kinsman, looked at the lady from his position before the fire.

"I may venture to remark, madam, that I suppose I do."

"When I heard of the departure of your fleet from New York, I at once made my arrangements to spend the winter in Philadelphia, as I knew that your occupation of the city was but a question of time."

Sir William, bowing, caused his epaulettes to glitter beautifully.

"The battle, madam, is not always to the strong; however, I am gratified to concede that we certainly do occupy Philadelphia for the present."

"And I trust for all time to come."

"Madam, we are all mortal."

"Some of us, however, even in this world achieve a glorious immortality."

Again Sir William's shoulders glittered.

"Yours is a noble place, a noble work! A chief! A hero! I admire you! Why should I not tell you so?"

But, as the lady's manner was indicative of any thing but the enthusiasm she expressed, Sir William considered her attentively.

"Do you not feel it," she asked, "in the excitement of your victories? Does it not glow within you? In moments like these, of solitude and thought, is not your whole soul animated with the consciousness of the service you are rendering to your kind?"

"Very," said Sir William, politely concealing a prodigious yawn behind his jeweled hand, "much so, indeed."

"You will pardon me," resumed the lady, "if I proceed at once to the business of my visit."

"The more readily, madam," said the General, pulling out his watch, "that I am somewhat pressed (excuse my mentioning it, I beg,) for time."

"I was apprehensive that I should find you so. Let me ask, then, whether you have arrived at any conclusion?"

"Respecting the young gentleman to whom you refer?"

The lady inclined her head.

"I regret to say that I have not."

"Indeed! I have only then to beg that you will name a day for my next visit."

"This day three weeks," said the General, promptly.

"It is very long, Sir William."

"The case is a peculiar one, madam. But for the intercession of that very extraordinary and attractive young person, Miss Don—Dunn—"

"Doane," said the lady.

"Ah! Miss Doane. I have the poorest memory for names and dates! Yes, Miss Doane. But for her intercession it might have gone much harder with him. By the way," continued Sir William, sitting down suddenly and becoming most engagingly confidential, "I believe she is attached to him."

"Sincerely so," said the lady; "but he does not, I regret to say, respond."

"Ah!"

"Yes. His thoughts, at a comparatively early period of his life, took a different direction, and I *deeply* regret to say, as it has proved, an unworthy one."

"Ah!" said Sir William again.

"His disgrace, indeed," said the lady, "was directly attributable to her."

"Yes. I understood that he was acting as knight-errant to a forlorn damsel, when he so unhappily involved himself. And who, pray, was—if the question be not indiscreet—the young person?"

"Her name," said the lady, "is Lucy De Normandie."

The enunciation of that name produced a visible effect upon Sir William.

"She has since betrothed herself, as I understand, to one Lieutenant Pemberton, of the rebel service."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the General, "that must be broken off."

Mrs. Langstaff looked at him with astonishment.

"I have already known Miss De Normandie for some weeks," said he; "she has interested me. So rich a pearl should not be cast before—rebels. Mrs. Langstaff, we will marry her to your son. That is, with your approbation."

"Any thing, for his sake."

"That is, if he consents."

"But if *she* should not consent!"

"Madam, I see my way clear, from this moment, to gaining her over to our side, punishing this hound of a rebel—excuse my so degrading him in your presence—and making her the wife of a British officer."

"But, forgive me, Sir William; what interest have you, personally, in this?"

"None, I assure you, aside from the desire of serving you; none but the fact that such trifles as these serve to dissipate the *ennui* of this tedious and—" Sir William was going to add "unprofitable service;" but he changed it for "arduous life."

"Therefore, madam," he continued, rising and again consulting his watch, "let us take for our countersign the word 'Patience,' and so we move on steadily to our triumphant close."

Sir William's bow indicating that, in his opinion, he had brought that interview to a triumphant close, Mrs. Langstaff, with her most stately manner, permitted him to hand her to her carriage in *his* most stately manner; at sight of which condescension one of the sentinels remarked to his companion that she must be "a female duchess, at the very least."

The sentinel in the doorway had left his post as the lady descended the steps, and when the carriage whirled away still stood in the middle of the sidewalk, looking after it. To him, coming upon him and shouldering him out of the way, one of his comrades addressed the remonstrance:

"Now then, stupid! wool gathering? What's yon fine lady to such as you?"

"That's true enough," said the grenadier, turning back to resume his place, "what ~~is~~ she to such as I am?"

CHAPTER IX:

WHEN A WOMAN WILLS SHE WILL.

MRS. LANGSTAFF had not driven home from the quarters of Sir William Howe. She had gone first out over the Second street bridge to the Loxley house, and there, finding Lucy and Lydia together, had infused into her frigid stateliness at least so much thaw, not to say warmth, as brought about a reconciliation. From that time forth whenever they met, as they often did in company, she was particularly gracious to Lucy; and, gradually, she contrived to have her go out and drive with her and to visit her alone at William Darrach's, and so, slowly, to take her back into favor.

"For," she reasoned, "the more thoroughly I succeed in pleasing Sir William, the sooner I shall have my boy back again, and so that I may have him back, I care not to which of the two, Miriam or Lucy, he is betrothed."

She was far too discerning to invite Lucy to her house, and equally was she too wise to inform Miriam Doane of the course events were taking.

She resided in a modest mansion in one of the more retired streets, a not architecturally beautiful residence, but a sufficiently spacious and commodious house, whose owner, a notorious whig, had ingeniously proposed an exchange of residences, a happy expedient, whereby the furniture and belongings of either mansion were preserved intact.

To her place of sojourn, however, the widow had brought with her certain articles that had been favorites with her "late lamented." Among them, the eagle with the mirror in his talons, had emerged from his packings, looking as if he had had especial charge to keep the glass from being broken on the way, and was quite ready to drive his beak into any one who should be at all careless in handling it.

One bleak afternoon in December, the eagle was alone in the parlor with Miriam Doane. It was just a year since Lucy de Normandie had passed out of sight of his fearful

splendor, his beak, his claws, his chains, that used to scare her when she was a child.

Looking up at him, from her seat by the window, Miriam remembered this. She had thought of it with a stern triumph, all day long. The man whom she had loved in her own strange, stern way, had not indeed returned to her; but the woman, her rival, whom she had hated and dreaded as much as a nature like hers could dread any thing, was gone. She had taken her place—had taken it with Royal Langstaff's mother, might she not also come to take it with Royal?

What Lucy had done for Gerald, she, Miriam Doane, had done for the man she loved—she had saved his life, for there was at first a strong disposition to hang him, if possible, for his offense. His mother, in her wrath and pride—his own mother—had refused to interfere. She, Miriam Doane, had gone to New York and interceded with Sir William Howe, and, by the power of her beauty and her grief, had so wrought upon Sir William's own good nature, that Captain Langstaff was doomed only to the ignominy of degradation to the ranks.

Then Mrs. Langstaff, her shame and indignation having had time to wear themselves out, had longed for her son again, and had gone in person to Sir William to entreat his pardon. She would fain have had Miriam's good offices on that occasion also; but then, in her turn, Miriam had refused to interfere. It would not have suited her, just then, to have had Royal restored to his place in his profession and in society, and so brought, among his brother officers, into daily association with Lucy De Normandie.

It appeared to her, as she pondered these things, quite alone in the house, and feeling herself, for the time being, its mistress, that the great end to be accomplished, in this posture of affairs, was to get Lucy out of the city. This, however, could only be done through Gerald Pemberton, and the difficulty was to communicate with Gerald. If the lieutenant had but known what a good friend to his cause was Miriam he would have found a way to communicate with her; but, at that very moment he was looking over at William Darrach's roof, from the friendly cottage on the Jersey shore—looking and longing and desponding, as, indeed, he had better reason than he knew of, to do,

Yet, against all that was working to his disadvantage, there was an influence that began to work in his favor, and that began then and there, in Mrs. Langstaff's parlor.

Miriam, seated by the window, watching the snow as it began to fall, became aware of some one coming up the steps. Looking out, she had a rear view of an extraordinarily thin figure, dressed in a long, tight coat, buttoned closely around him, and topped by a huge cocked hat several sizes too large for him, so that he had rather the air of an animated lamp-post seen from a distance.

This figure, after a modest rap at the door, turned round, shivering all over, and displayed the sharp and swarthy visage of Ahasuerus. A year had made great difference in his longitude, but none whatever in his latitude; in consequence of which he looked thinner than ever, and his attenuated frame was so shriveled and shrunken and shaken with the cold that it need not have been matter of surprise if his bones had rattled down about his feet upon the door-step. Miriam took pity on him, and remembering the age of the only servant in the house, waived ceremony and went to let him in. His first salutation was as follows:

"I'm as cold as de—"

"Come in, then," said Miriam.

"You bet I does," replied Ahasuerus; and shivering himself into the parlor, he crouched at one corner of the hearth, weeping as to his eyes and chattering as to his teeth.

After a long silence he again expressed himself.

"Golly, Miss Mirry!"

"What?"

"I'm as cold as de doose!"

"Still?"

"You bet I is! Seems to me I nebber get warm."

"What brought you here?"

"Come in a sleigh," said Ahasuerus.

"No, no. I mean your errand?"

"Didn't bring none," said Ahasuerus. "Bring my fiddle though. Nebber trammel 'cept he's along."

"What did you come for?"

"Lawsee, Miss Mirry!"

"Well?"

"I'm as cold as de—ugh-L-h-oo!"

"You can talk while you warm yourself."

"No, I can't. Can't talk, Miss Mirry!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause my teef chatter so, I can't git my tongue froo 'em."

"Are you still at Medford?"

Ahasuerus, with effort, changed the motion of his head from an involuntary shake to a voluntary nod.

"Did Aaron David send you here?"

Ahasuerus nodded, this time with better success.

"To Mrs. Langstaff?"

Ahasuerus, still shivering, permitted his head to take its natural course, which was a decided shake.

"To whom?"

"Billiam Darry."

"William Darrach? Then what did you come here for?"

"Came here to git warm."

"Are you warm now?"

"One side ob me."

"Which side?"

"De outside. Colder dan ever inside. 'Pears like de frost's struck in. Miss Mirry—gimme some whisky punch?"

"I will give you some hot coffee if you will answer my questions truthfully."

"No, no, Miss Mirry, punch, punch! Do any thing for de punch."

"Very well, you shall have it. Do you often come to the city?"

"Come reg'lar."

"Why have you not been here before then?"

"'Cause dis is de fust time. But I's a-comin."

"How often?"

"Ebbery two weeks, 'casionally, and sometimes oftener. Ugh! wish 'twas spring!"

"To William Darrach's?"

"Eh-heh." Which meant "yes."

"How do you get into the city?"

"Captain Fitz, he gimme a pass; but I's detained at the outposts. I is, reg'lar."

"What for?"

"To play de fiddle. Shall I play for *you*, Miss Mirry? Just now I kin do de shakes."

"So it seems. Never mind your fiddle. What has Captain Fitz to do with William Darrach?"

"Gits his letters dar."

"From whom?"

"You won't tell, Miss Mirry?"

"From whom?"

"From his mudder. Stayin' up to our house. Calls de cap'n baby! He, he! kah-yah!"

"But this is a service of danger," said Miriam; "if you fall into the hands of the rebel scouts you'll find yourself in trouble."

Ahasuerus assisted nature to shake his head.

"Why not?"

"Swan you won't tell, Miss Mirry?"

"Answer me this moment, or no punch!"

"Oh laws! 'Cause I carries letters for bofe sides, and neider knows 'bout de udder, and bofe ob 'em don't know 'bout neider."

"And for whom, on the rebel side, do you act as mail-agent?"

"Kah yah! Miss Luce and Mass' Gerald?"

Miriam Doane left the room abruptly.

That for which she had been longing was ready to her hand. Ahasuerus had become, in consequence of a previous acquaintance with him in her visits at Medford, merely a creature of her will. Communication was already established between Gerald and Lucy, and through a channel entirely under her control. It would go hard but she would bring about Lucy's marriage and departure; and so sweep away the grand obstacle to Royal's return. That that return would be speedy, if she so willed it, she had too much faith in the power of her beauty and eloquence over Sir William to doubt. That Royal would pine very long for one woman when he had another to console him, she knew mankind too thoroughly to believe. And therefore, sternly triumphant in her cold beauty, she walked like a queen when she came back into the parlor with the punch.

Ahasuerus drank it, impromptu, hot as it was, winking up at her with his great eyes over the tumbler. As he tilted the glass, something jingled. Ahasuerus looked into it. He discovered a guinea—a new, fresh, bright, golden guinea. He had never owned such a coin in his life, but he knew what it was, and just what to do with it. Dipping his long, bony forefinger into the tumbler, he drew the treasure forth, pocketed it, and buttoned his pocket, looking solemnly at Miriam all the time.

“Whenever you come here you will find one of those at the bottom of your glass of punch.”

“I say, Miss Mirry !”

“Well ?”

“Please wash ’em ’fore you puts ’em in.”

Miriam was glad to be left alone, that she might think, might hope, might *feel*, might be happy. But her solitude was invaded by Captain Fitz.

His visit did not take her by surprise ; for he was in the habit of dropping in sociably anywhere and everywhere among the Tory families, especially about meal-time. And in virtue of his unquestionably sincere regard and admiration lavished upon herself, Miriam not only liked him, but was, with him, what she never was with others—Royal excepted—*all* woman, a true woman, thoroughly happy and completely at her ease.

But not at his own ease upon this occasion was the gallant captain. In fact, he had not come to tea. He had come on what Ahasuerus did not bring—an errand. He was there at the bidding of Sir William Howe—to perform the unpleasant, and, in his own correct judgment, hopeless duty of beginning to try to talk Miriam out of her love for Royal Langstaff. He had suspected the existence of that unrequited affection long before Sir William had said to him :

“She confessed to me, sir, that she loved him, when she came to beg him off ; and, sir, I *let* him off, chiefly upon her account.”

“Thin whoy don’t ye let the gyairl git him if she can—the spalpeen ! Not that he’s worth the thrubble at all, at all.”

“Because, my dear sir, she hasn’t the shadow of a chance—not the ghost of one. She is quite out of the question, I regret to assure you.”

"Yer axcellency has doubtless good raisons for yer coorse."

"Two, my dear captain, two! I take a profound interest in Miss De Normandie, and can not consent to cast so rich a pearl before—"

"Swoine!" interrupted the captain.

"Fie! fie!" said Sir William. "I would have her loyal to her king."

"She'll be l'yal to her king before she'll iver be l'yal to R'yal," said the captain.

"Tut, tut, tut!" remonstrated Sir William. "That, then, is my first reason. My second is—you follow me, Captain Fitz Patrick?"

"Sure, I do."

"My second is, that I am really anxious to restore the young man. Now, if I am to do that I must have confidence in him."

"Av coorse," acquiesced Captain Fitz.

"If I help him to his wife—"

The captain attended to Sir William.

"—I bind him personally to myself."

"Ye niver said a thruer worrud."

"I was confident that your clear mind would at once grasp the whole theory," said Sir William, with the mental reservation, "after I had made it as plain as A, B, C, you egregious blockhead!"

"Och! Be the powers, ye're the illegant raisoner intoirely!" cried the delighted captain, to whom the mental reservation was unknown.

"I am flattered by your commendation. Now, as the nearest friend of Miss Doane, will you undertake this service?"

The captain highly approved the theory, but he seriously objected to the practice.

"If not," said Sir William, "it will be the first time that Captain Fitz Patrick has been guilty of insubordination."

"As me shuparior," cried Captain Fitz, "it's your axcellency's parrut to command, and moine to obee."

So it came to pass that the captain found himself in Mrs. Langstaff's parlor, and for the first time in his life very much at a loss what to say. He began wrong, therefore, as a matter of course.

"I saw R'yal, the day," said he, abruptly, after exchanging a few commonplace observations with Miriam.

"Indeed!" exclaimed she, with an anxiety which she was too much moved to care to conceal entirely from Captain Fitz, though she could and would have veiled it successfully from all the world beside.

"I did," said the captain. And having made a mistake, he, of course, proceeded, as people always do, to make it worse.

"He's looking loike a ghost!" said the captain.

Miriam moved restlessly, and her eyes glittered with an uneasy light—which, however, in the dusk, Fitz did not observe. She asked, instantly and anxiously:

"Has he been ill?"

"Tuk with the favur," replied Fitz; "he was on guard at the prison, and he got it there."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miriam, but her exclamation was a whisper, and it did not reach the captain. She did not mean that it should.

"He's bock to his jewty, but he's not fut for it," said Captain Fitz Patrick. "He's not long for this worruld, I'm thinkin'."

And then, as Miriam, after sinking back in her chair, very pale, and with a helpless lifting of her hands, sat perfectly quiet, he had time to consider what he should say next. So far he had succeeded admirably in rousing Miriam's pity and apprehension for the man she loved. He tried again.

"That was a sad screepe he got into; sure, he ought to have known betther."

This observation set her instantly upon defending Royal, and was, therefore, an excellent diplomatic maneuver, considering the end that the captain had in view.

"Thrae for you," he answered, when Miriam had closed the case for the defense; "it was all for the gyairl. He was axin' me afther her the day. Begorra, he sint his love till her."

And so saying, Captain Fitz, who appeared to possess a magic power of doing those things that he ought not to have done, awakened Miriam's jealousy, renewed a thousand fold her love for Royal, and strengthened a thousand fold her resolve to win him.

But, he had done most of the mischief that it was in his power to do, and was rapidly approaching a climax. It remained for him, only, to draw down Miriam's resentment on himself, by a judicious allusion to his knowledge—confirmed by Sir William—of her almost hopeless passion. This he proceeded to achieve with surprising readiness.

"R'yal Langstaff isn't worthy of the likes of *you*," said the captain.

However true that was, it was not a truth Miriam chose to hear. Her heart and her judgment may have had their own battle about it; but the appearance of an ally to judgment ruined the cause of that characteristic for the time being, and stirred the fiery depths of Miriam's anger. Could the valiant officer have seen her eyes, even he might have stopped in time; but it was dusk without and duskier within, and the captain rushed on blindly to his fate.

"Aren't ye ivery way his shuparior? Tell me that, now, Misthress Murriam."

But "Misthress Murriam" did not seem disposed to tell him any thing.

So the captain closed with, "Faith, he'll not marry ye, any way."

He was determined to get an answer, and he got it.

"Captain Fitz Patrick, this is your last visit."

Miriam rose from her chair. The captain sunk back in his, dropped his hands at his sides, straightened out his legs and opened his eyes, not to mention his mouth. "Astonishment" would scarcely be the word for it.

"You have just forfeited my friendship," said Miriam.

It was well he could not see how white she was in her anger.

"Before you go—for you will go at once and not return—let me assure you that Royal Langstaff, whom I love—yes, you know it, it appears, and I need not have any *mauvais honte* in owning it—I am not ashamed of it, nor am I ashamed of him—Royal Langstaff was never more nearly mine than at this moment. The only barrier between us" (the "barrier" was Lucy De Normandie, but Miriam did not tell him that,) "is on the eve of ultimate and complete removal—"

She paused. A carriage stopped before the house. Miriam

turned to look at it. The captain approached the other window, not trusting himself to speak, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. Three ladies descended from the carriage. The bell rung. A servant brought in candles at the moment. Mrs. Langstaff, Lydia Darrach, Lucy De Normandie!

“Miriam, my daughter.”

“Madam?”

Miriam turned and stood alone, facing them all. She was very pale; and instead of looking at any of them, she had fixed her eyes upon the mirror with the eagle, and seemed to have consciousness only for the sharp, shining beak—the cruel talons and the heavily-hanging chains.

“Miriam, here is Lucy. She has come home again. I have forgiven her.”

“I have not. I never will.”

“But she will be with us now.”

“Not with *us*. I am going.” And Miriam walked straight by them to the door.

“Going!”

She turned at the door and answered:

“Yes. I will never come here any more. Lydia Darrach, if you have brought this about, I am your enemy. Farewell, Captain Fitz Patrick; we have been friends, but that is over. Farewell, Hagar Langstaff, who have hidden this thing from me, and taken to your heart again the woman who destroyed your son. Farewell to this house; it can not shelter Miriam Doane and Lucy De Normandie.”

She glided from the room, and up the broad, dark stairway, leaving them all spell-bound. Presently she came down, passing, without a glance, Mrs. Langstaff, who had stepped to the threshold to intercept her. They heard the house-door softly closed. They saw her, hooded and muffled, pass the parlor windows. She did not look up. She did not turn her head nor lift her hand. She vanished in the gathering night, behind the veil of snow.

CHAPTER X.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

AND so the influence that had begun to work in Gerald's favor had its operations prematurely suspended; and the other and adverse influences strengthened and multiplied and combined and complicated themselves, day after day, from the hour of Lucy's return to her home with Mrs. Langstaff.

And yet there were so many reasons why she ought to have returned.

"We are losing money" Lydia Darrach had said to her, though surely, without thought of the impression that her words would make, "by having these British officers quartered upon us. Dear William is going behind-hand every day."

"Sure your aunt's forguv ye from her heart," Captain Fitz had observed, "and it's pinin' after ye she is, Misthress Lucy, the puir, lonely owld wumm'n."

"I do not wish thee to go," William Darrach had assured her, "yet thee must do as thee thinks best, and I am sure thy relative does not regard thy return to her house in any sort as a pledge on thy part to espouse her son."

"Dis chile'll allers find a way to git Massa Gerald's letters to ye, Miss Loose, wherever you is, wish I may die if er don't," had been the earnest pledge of Ahasuerus.

And then, Sir William Howe had hoped it would be so. And Chaplain Bee had earnestly pressed the duty of forgiveness and the beauty of charity. And, finally, Lucy's leading characteristic was impulsiveness, and so, just about the time that Ahasuerus was fishing the guinea out of his punch, Lucy, at the conclusion of her seventh interview with her aunt, had thrown her arms around her and wept upon her bosom, as she had often done when she was a little girl, and had gone back with her to the old life that they had led together, resolved honestly and nobly to comfort the lonely woman who grieved the more that she was too proud to let her grief be known.

Partly in this very pride, partly that she might do honor to the warriors of her king, and partly that Lucy might be familiarized with certain things, and estranged from certain other things, Mrs. Langstaff at once entered on participation in all the gayeties of that winter, and among the rest in the ball given at the Willing mansion by its military inmates.

The old house has long since disappeared, and its site, upon the street where monied magnates most do congregate, is now on the eastern part of the city. In those days it was the south-west corner. Extensive grounds lay behind the house. Dock creek was visible from the upper windows, and it is not certain that you could not have seen, from the roof, that very cottage with its little grove upon the Jersey shore, where Gerald Pemberton used to look and long and fancy that William Darrach's roof still sheltered Lucy, long after Lucy had withdrawn from its humble but secure protection.

For though, thanks to Ahasuerus, she corresponded with him now, she did not tell him that she had changed her home, and had imposed silence on her messenger.

"It will make no difference," she thought, "in my truth to him, and it could only distress him if he knew,"

So his letters went to Friend William's, and there Lucy wrote her answers and thence dispatched them.

Lydia Darrach and her husband, walking past the Willing house on the evening of the ball, looked in through the windows on the brilliant groups, and watched the figures moving in the dance, and listened to the music of the band, and wondered, as they turned away, if Lucy De Normandie were there, and if she were thinking of Gerald.

Whatever Lucy's thoughts were, there she was. Moreover, she was the loveliest and best dressed woman in the room. War had flung its horrors over the ladies' wardrobes and toilet tables, and most of the costumes lacked that freshness which the ball-rooms of the halcyon nights of peace inexorably require. But out of Mrs. Langstaff's superabundant stores came rich brocades, and shining satins, and flashing jewels at command. Unimagined resources developed themselves, in old drawers and ancient trunks, till the lawyer's widow appeared, in Lucy's dazzled eyes, a fairy godmother at the very least. If she had appeared in calico, Lucy would still have outshone,

individually and collectively, the five-and-forty damsels of high degree that Toryism gathered about the brilliant uniforms of the British service, military and naval. As it was, all the girls were envying her, and all the men looking at her, and, as many as could, talking to her or dancing with her. Parson Bee sat beside Mrs. Langstaff, all the evening, and watching Lucy when she stood up, remembered that it was not good for man to be alone, and brightened visibly when she came back to say a dozen words to him before she went away with a new partner.

Captain Fitz Patrick, pausing to present his respects to Madam Langstaff, cried out, as she pointed out to him her niece, going through a quadrille with Major André:

“Be jabbers and isn’t she the angel intoirely! Sure, madam, whin it was me painful jewty to carry her away, on a melancholy and exthramely cowld occcesion, it was meself that was carried away and not her, and seein’ her here, the night, in all her unadorned loveliness, I’m clane kilt. I am, so I am.”

Sir William Howe, who came in rather late, and glittered up to Mrs. Langstaff like a splendid gold and scarlet moth, just as Major André glittered back with Lucy, saluted both the ladies with profound and overwhelming courtesy, and made Lucy’s cheeks brighten and her eyelids droop with the praises that he lavished on her, so eloquently that she would have given worlds to be out of hearing, yet so adroitly that it was impossible to be any thing but pleased. With all her love of country, the young lady found herself constrained first to admire and afterward thoroughly to like, the General of His Majesty’s forces. With all her love of Gerald, the young girl, fresh from a country life, brought into scenes of gayety, taking her place there, as the center of admiration, and attracting to herself the homage of men whose names were already famous, could not help enjoying herself with all her might. Sir William lingered long enough near Mrs. Langstaff to find an opportunity of saying to her, after Lucy had joined a distant bevy of young ladies:

“I don’t mind acknowledging to you now, madam, that, amid the overwhelming cares of this sad rebellion—which is so very shocking and so forth—I have found time to concoct a little scheme of my own for the purpose of agreeably surprising you.”

"It has been long in execution, Sir William," said the mother, sadly.

The General raised his hands, in light and elegant protestation.

"My dear lady, consider my duty to my king and country. The eyes of all England upon me. My position as commander and all that sort of thing. Not to flatter our young friend, I think we must admit that he merited some punishment, but it was all for the best, no doubt."

"Sir William!"

"Excuse my mentioning it. However, I trust his probation is now drawing to a close. In a few weeks—a short time—"

"Ah, Sir William, it is very long to his mother!"

Mrs. Langstaff was thoroughly a woman only when she spoke of her son.

"Long! Oh no. I trust that it will not be long," said Sir William, preparing to move away and lose himself among the groups in the two great rooms. "Have your fair ward near you about ten o'clock, and I will do myself the honor of waiting upon you."

Nothing human could surpass Sir William's bow. Mrs. Langstaff was herself again, even as he turned away. Rising from her seat, she crossed the room to a blooming bevy of blooming matrons and maiden ladies, and sat, smiling, calm, cold, self-possessed, watching the gay scene before her, listening to the gay dance-music and the gay hum of many voices, the high pride upon her face through all. And yet, her jeweled watch was often in her hand. Her eyes followed now Lucy and now Sir William; and ever in the pauses of conversation her thoughts went out of the ball-rooms, into the street, and on, first through one and then through another, to the outposts where, as she fancied, her boy might be standing sentry, in the frozen earthworks, in the cold, clear winter's night.

Her fancy, like fancies in general, was a pure illusion, for Royal Langstaff was at that moment among a party of soldiers who were looking into the windows of the Willing mansion, his longing eyes fixed upon his mother, watching for the moments when Lucy came to linger a little while beside her.

It is needless to say that Royal was leaning on his musket.

Did Lucy think of him? Not she. She was engaged for dance after dance. Easily queen, she had already learned to receive homage as her due, and found that she thoroughly enjoyed it. It is true that she was only nineteen; but perhaps admiration would not have been less acceptable if she had been ninety.

While she was absent from her side, Mrs. Langstaff was continually hearing of her. None who stopped in passing to salute the aristocratic lady who represented the great Langstaff estate but had some word to speak of Miss De Normandie, till, not on Lucy's own account, but of her as constituting a part of herself and her belongings, Mrs. Langstaff began to be conscious of a sort of pride. After all, the girl might not be an unsuitable wife, even for such a paragon as Royal, provided she would renounce her quality of rebel—which, indeed, she seemed not unlikely to do. True, she was poor; but, to do her justice, mere mercenary considerations had no influence with Mrs. Langstaff. And as Royal loved her, of course he must have his own way, in this thing, as he had had in every other thing, ever since he was old enough to dispute with his nurse the question of being put into his cradle.

Ten o'clock, at last, by the glittering little watch. Sir William, among a group of officers, with here and there a black-velvet-coated civilian—the velvet just a little rusty—appeared at the parlor door. Mrs. Langstaff arose on the instant, and hurried off to find Lucy.

The young lady was promenading the rooms and entries, escorted, this time, actually by no less distinguished an officer than Captain Fitz, at whose complimentary sallies she was laughing with an entire *abandon* of enjoyment. Tossing her plumes, flashing her jewels, trailing her robe, how graceful she was! how beautiful, how happy! Could it be that she *loved* the man who, for aught she knew, was even then, at the risk of his liberty, perhaps of his life, hovering near that point upon the Jersey shore whither, as she knew perfectly well, he used to resort only to look at the distant roof that, as he imagined, sheltered her?

“Lucy!”

"Yes, aunt."

"Lucy De Normandie!" This from a young lady who was passing.

"Yes, Deborah."

"Don't forget our engagement on Thursday."

"For the prison? Oh, no! I'm dying to see it."

"The divvle ye are!" exclaimed the captain, looking after her as she went away clinging to the arm of Mrs. Langstaff, 'loike a swate pay round a pole," as the captain expressed it.

The General gradually drifted near them; and, as gradually, drifted with them out of the parlor, across the hall, and so, to the library; wherein, by the way, was a tall and very costly Chinese screen, quite large enough to have concealed Lucy's graceful figure, plumes and all.

Sir William closed the door, saying:

"Here we shall be quite alone."

And they were. As much alone, perhaps, as was Gerald Pemberton at that moment in the winter moonlight, pacing the hard-frozen earth under the bare-branched trees of the little grove upon the Jersey shore. Placing chairs, with his own knightly hand, Sir William begged the ladies to be seated, and gave them the potent teaching of example in that respect.

"I can spare," said he, "a few moments that I have snatched, bodily, out of an evening in which, positively, it appears to me that everybody insists upon seeing me."

"We will not detain you then, Sir William."

"My dear Mrs. Langstaff! A thousand pardons, I entreat. It was simply because I was beset in my endeavors to be punctual that I was disconcerted and annoyed. However, that is past."

And lightly waving it away, he turned to Lucy.

"Permit me, Miss De Normandie. Mrs. Langstaff, as I am credibly informed, (not, as you will of course understand, by herself,) has been your good friend from your childhood."

"Yes, Sir William."

"Most of your life has been spent at her house?"

"It has."

"She has, in so far as such a thing could be possible, supplied your mother's place?"

"She has, indeed?" exclaimed Lucy.

"You are not ignorant, probably, of the great affliction that came upon her a year ago?"

"I was the cause of it," said Lucy, faintly, and with a fading color in her cheeks.

"Your frankness," said the General, "is not less charming than yourself. Do not be displeased at my saying that you are charming. I speak only from hearsay. Everybody tells me so." The smiling, careless gayety of his manner made the flattery delicate.

"And this candor," Sir William rapidly continued, "is infinitely gratifying to me, just at this juncture, as it brings us to the point at once. You say that it was through you that this great sorrow came. I have no official knowledge upon that point, observe; and therefore, in my public capacity, do not even allude to it. But, as Sir William Howe, privately you understand, I grant it. I accept your charmingly candid statement. You follow me?"

"Yes, Sir William," said Lucy, looking, however, as if he had left her a long way behind.

"Then I say to you—this. What if it were in your power to remove this sorrow?"

"Mrs. Langstaff sat like a statue.

"In mine? In *my* power, Sir William?"

"Miss De Normandie, I will be frank with you," said Sir William, engagingly. "You are among us; you are of us; you are thoroughly true to your king." (There wasn't a syllable of truth in this, and the General knew it, so he dextrously brought in a home truth to silence any contradiction, on Lucy's part.) "You visit in our society; you entertain my officers; permit me to add, myself. Mr. Langstaff is devoted to you. As your husband, I can trust him; I can restore him to his rank, to his home, to his mother."

There was not a tinge of color in Lucy's cheeks. The shock had come suddenly. The General saw that she needed time; and like a dentist, who hides his instrument up his sleeve, and gossips with his trembling lady patient, he went on, calmly argumentative.

"The case, you see, is this. Mr. Langstaff is at present in the ranks."

"A common soldier!"

"I thought you knew it." So she did. "A private with a musket on his shoulder. I have bound myself, by a solemn obligation or something of that kind," said Sir William, with an airy wave of his diamond ring, "not from prudential motives only, not to restore to him his epaulettes—the sign of trust reposed, Miss De Normandie—till I can also restore to him his bride. Every thing, therefore, depends upon"—Sir William paused an instant, and then said, with a grave bow,—"you."

Lucy half rose from her chair, and then sunk down again.

"You take my meaning. I, as the friend of this gallant but unhappy young soldier—I say gallant, because he has nobly retrieved himself—seek for him the boon of your hand. That granted, this sad affair, which is killing his mother, terminates. He returns to a life which a chance had so nearly deprived him of."

The speech was carefully worded. All allusion to her own share in exposing Royal, possibly to death, surely and actually to disgrace, was sedulously avoided. Yet, every sentence fell upon her as a sad reproach.

There was a dead silence in the room. The noises from the halls had died away, for the guests were at supper in a distant apartment. Did that wailing sigh of the wind that Lucy heard come from the further shore of the Delaware and pass over the roof of the Loxley house to die around the mansion where she sat? There had not been a moment of that evening—no, not when she was gayest and most triumphant—that she had forgotten Gerald; but she thought of him just then as she had never in all her life before.

"If you consent," said Sir William, "Mr. Langstaff returns to his rank, to his home, to his mother. If you refuse, I have no hold upon him; he remains where he is."

Oh, Gerald! Gerald!

"Take time to think of this," said Sir William, rising, and approaching the screen, on which he laid his handsome hand. "It may be quite new to you. I— Mrs. Langstaff! Are you ill?"

The question had the effect of turning Lucy's eyes upon the white, appealing mother's face beside her.

She took her resolve instantly. She rose, compressing her lips, clinching her hands, feeling her heart beat dreadfully against her side.

"Sir William—Captain Langstaff—may come home—this very right!"

The screen was whirled away, and Royal, standing forth, knee more himself, clasped Lucy's hand in his and drew her to him, and held her in his arms and pressed his lips upon her forehead. And Royal's mother fell upon her knees—she, the stern, cold woman, from her height of pride—fell down at Lucy's feet, and kissed the border of her robe, and called on God to bless her.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PRISON AND OUT OF IT.

THUS the year moved on toward spring, and, on its way, encountered the bleak, searching winds of early March. And the winds of March coming from the immediate vicinity of Greenland, to judge by the cold weather they brought with them, overtook Royal Langstaff and Miss De Normandie, one bright morning, on their way, or rather on Lucy's way, to keep an engagement of long standing and many postponements. In those days Royal was Major Langstaff; and Lucy's engagement had been publicly announced.

She had written to Gerald to beg her release, as he valued her happiness; to tell him, in the very next sentence but one, that she never should be happy again; and signed herself "for the last time—Lucy." That letter Ahasuerus had duly taken and duly delivered, with his habitual trustiness; and Captain McLane had found Gerald with it; not reading it, but looking at it, seated all alone, beside the fire, in their hut.

"Gerald, lad! ye hae had ill tidings?"

And Gerald in answer told him.

"Dinna fash yersel," said the captain, as the sad recital ended. "Dinna fash yersel, the noo, aboot the bit lassie. There's mair wark than eneugh for twa sic hands as yer ain

let alane fondlin' a dochter o' mither Eve. It's na day to be marryin' and givin' in marriage!"

"Do you mean that we've got to heaven?" asked Gerald.

"Na, na!" responded the captain, promptly. "I ken weel the differ betwixt heaven and Valley Farge. Albeit respectin' the bit lassie—is she winsome, Gerald, lad?"

Gerald's lip trembled. He bent his head silently, for "Yes."

"Whistle her down the wind. There's mony ane mair winsome wad be leal and true. Dinna think o' her. Hae some sperrit, laddie; ye'll no mak yersel a fule—na, na," and the captain came and stood over Gerald, laying his great strong kindly hands upon his shoulders, "dinna greet, my bairn, dinna greet!"

For Gerald had heaved one mighty sob, and the blessed tears had come to his relief. Ignorant of this scene—wondering only why her letter had not been answered, Lucy hurried on her way, being somewhat late for her engagement, and at the corner of Front and Market encountered Major Langstaff.

"You look as if you'd been crying!" said he as he joined her.

"Royal! do get over that drawl. It's the wind. What is there to make me cry?"

"Nothing, my love. By the way—"

"Well; what?"

"You never call me *your* love you know."

"Don't I? My love, give me your arm. There! Is that satisfactory?"

"Er—yes," said Royal, thoughtfully.

"Isn't the river splendid this morning, with the sun upon it, and the floating ice, and those magnificent vessels—and then, beyond it all, the white fields upon the Jersey shore?"

The Jersey shore! Oh, Lucy!

"Gorgeous," drawled Royal. "Lucy—"

"My love? By the way, sir, that's the second time."

"Lucy—"

"Well? I am listening. Oh, Royal, what time is it? My fingers are so cold I can't take out my watch. Look at yours, will you, please? You soldiers don't mind any thing."

"There are some things that we *do* mind," said Royal, "and I'll tell you what a few of them are."

"Please tell me, first, what time it is. I'm dreadfully late. I am, indeed."

"Half-past ten."

"Oh dear!"

"Lucy, hear me."

"Well, I will; but, pray walk faster."

"Why are you so cold?"

"Because the wind blows."

"No, no. So cold to me? Why do you never let me be with you alone? Why do you never, of your own accord, put your arms about my neck? Why do you never kiss me unless I ask you; nor watch me from the window when I leave the house?"

"Dear me! what a catechism! Do you make no allowance for maidenly modesty and all that sort of thing, which is so charming and delightful, as Sir William would say."

"Lucy, Sir William's name is too often on your lips."

"Ha, ha! Are you jealous of Sir William Howe? Well, Royal!"

"Yes, if you will have it. There. I *am* jealous of him. You brighten at his coming, as you never do at mine. You look at him, as you never look at me. Yes; and when he mounts that big, raw-boned horse of his and kisses his confounded hand to you and goes prancing down the street, like a carpet-knight as he is, you stand at the door, until he's out of sight."

"That is kind, Royal, after—after Sir William promoted you last week, and after—after he got your wife for you."

And she drew closer to Royal, leaning her sweet weight upon his arm, trying, and with fair success, for once, to look up lovingly into his face.

"You're a strange girl, Lucy, darling."

"You're a strange boy, Royal Langstaff."

"Not Royal darling?"

"Yes; darling Royal. There! *now* are you satisfied? Thank goodness, here we are at last! Knock, Royal."

He obeyed her, and the door was opened.

"I'm not coming in just yet, Lucy."

She had not thought about him. She was hurrying ~~into~~ the house; but, as he spoke, she turned and waited.

"Ask them to wait ten minutes."

"Royal, you ought not to keep people waiting so. But of course I'll ask them."

She was gone. She had not held out her hand to him, nor looked back to give him one parting glance nor—

But his reflections were cut short by a lady, who raised her eyes (and with *such* an expression in them, if he could only have seen it!) as she passed the steps and called him by name.

"Why, Miriam!"

So, Royal joined her. It was the first time that they had met since his reinstallation and his already well-known betrothal. She began, at once, to congratulate him, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils, and curling lips; nothing of all which did Royal Langstaff note.

"Why did you leave us, Miriam?"

"Ah, why indeed! You might come and see me if you would; but I suppose your time is taken up."

"Why no; I can't say that it is," said Royal, "especially evenings."

"I supposed your evenings were entirely occupied."

"Oh no!" said Royal. "We are out a great deal, and my mother entertains; but, I don't mind telling you, Miriam, who have always been my friend—"

"Ah!" said she, with a peculiar drawing in of her breath.

"—That I find it rather dull. I dance two or three times with Lucy; she's going to be my wife, you know—"

"Yes, I know that. No, I don't *know* it, but I have heard it."

"Well, now you know it, since I have told you."

"Do I?"

"Why yes, of course. Where was I?"

"Dancing with Miss De Normandie."

"Oh yes; well, I dance two or three times with her; but she says it's love-sick for engaged people to be always together."

"Ah!" said Miriam again.

"Yes, she don't like public demonstrations. So she says."

"And private ones?"

If she had risked her life in saying it, she could not have helped it.

"Why no," said Royal; "I can't say that she's much addicted even to those."

"Indeed! Well, if she does not dance with you, she dances with nobody else of course."

"Oh, yes, she does."

"And you?"

"Oh, I stand about and talk to the fellows, and watch her walking and talking and dancing with other fellows; and wait for it to be time for her to dance with me again."

For a moment—while you might close your eyes and open them—Miriam Doane regarded the man she loved with something very like contempt. Then, that expression gave way to one of pity and unutterably deep and tender yearning, and she said, softly:

"I am staying at Friend Turnpenny's. Come and see me Royal."

So she left him; and Royal, having entirely forgotten what he had intended to do, in the ten minutes grace that he had asked for, walked back to the house, thinking, as he went, that Miriam was a deuced fine girl, and that it was a deuced pity some fellow hadn't sense enough to know it.

Meantime, Lucy had found an expectant group of ladies and officers—among the latter Parson Bee, Major André; his brother, the lieutenant; the Honorable Cosmo and Captain Fitz. She had asked for Royal's grace, which had been reluctantly accorded, and then Captain Fitz coming up to her, in a moment when she stood apart from the rest, had, much to her surprise, made her extremely uncomfortable, by saying:

"Are ye ill the day?"

"No indeed," she answered, wonderingly.

"Ah, Misthress Lucy!" said the captain, "the dare, swate face ov ye's far too white for a broide's that's to be in May, an' there's wan, not a hundherd moiles out o' this, whose face is whiter than yer own."

"Captain Fitz Patrick! For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean."

"Small thanks to me if I did, then," said the captain, and, observing Royal at the door, he moved away, humming to himself:

“ It’s gude to be mirry and woise,
 It’s gude to be hahnest an’ thrue;
 It’s gude to be aff wi’ the owld loove,
 Afoore we be on wi’ the niew.”

Lucy was bewildered, frightened, mortified, indignant. Her story was well known in the circle where she moved, and her immolation had been flower-crowned and her path of self-sacrifice flower-strewn. Her *début*, as Captain Langstaff’s *fiancée*, had been a series of ovations. They had made a heroine of her, and the adulation and the admiration and the homage of men who were at once elegant gentlemen and famous military chiefs, had had upon her the same effect that it would have had upon any woman in Philadelphia—save and except Miriam Doane. The atmosphere in which she had moved had braced her nerves, like the fine, clear wintry weather that they had had almost without interruption through all the weeks since Royal had come back.

And now here was this blunt captain, who must have heard something, from somebody, somewhere, hinting that she was far from being a heroine, and *not* far from being a flirt.

Whose face was that that was whiter than her own? Miriam Doane’s perhaps. Lucy was no stranger to Miriam’s love-life, but, what could she do? If Royal would not love Miriam, she, Lucy De Normandie, couldn’t make him. But then—the captain’s allusion to “the old love and the new?” Just at that moment she thought of Gerald, though she had fully resolved never to think of him again.

But now, it was more than time to start for the achievement of that long-postponed visit to the Walnut street prison.

This visit Royal had more nearly opposed than any thing she had ever proposed to him, and, simply and solely on the ground of its not being a sight that was fit for her to see. But, as Lucy pleaded demurely:

“ This is an old engagement, Royal. I—I made it that night at the Willing house.”

Royal, remembering another engagement made “that night at the Willing house,” and being moreover incapable of saying “No” when Lucy De Normandie said “Yes,” found himself, with the party, at the appointed time, before the wicket gate that opened in one of the dreadful prison doors,

and found, also, in the grenadier on guard, an ancient comrade.

Now it happened that Lucy, though Royal had reproached her for her coldness, had been feeling an unusual kindness for him and belief in him, that morning—had given him due honor for sacrificing his wishes to her own, and had been saying to herself:

“After all, I have taken him for my husband, and, already, I am almost like his wife.”

So much advantage had there been for Royal, and there occurred a little incident at the prison door, that told greatly in his favor.

Royal Langstaff, recognizing his former comrade in the ranks, held out his hand to him, saying, while the officers and the ladies stared:

“Digby, I am glad to see you. Is your wound quite well? If there is any thing we can do for you at the house be sure you let us know it. You see,” said Royal, turning to his friends, “he was very good to me while—while I carried a musket.”

The Honorable Cosmo stared at Royal, with a lazy scorn; but Major André, bowing an assent to Royal's explanation, raised his hat, with a meaning not to be misunderstood, and Parson Bee, grasping the hand that Royal had held out to his old companion, said, emphatically:

“I know you now, Major Langstaff, and I know that his Majesty has no finer officer.”

And at that moment Lucy De Normandie, looking at her lover with the light of pride in her tearful eyes, was nearer to loving him than she had ever been, in all her life.”

And so, she pressed closer to his side, and leaned more heavily upon his arm than ever, and walked with him into the prison, for the first time, with the air of clinging to him.

They found themselves at the head of a flight of stone steps, looking into a large square interior, whose earthen floor was several feet below them. Around this hall, if such it might be termed, were two stories of cells, the upper tier opening on a gallery, reached by a stone staircase, in a distant corner of the jail. The hall, down into whose area they looked, was thronged with scores of men, ragged, squalid, their faces

wan with disease, wounds, hunger, suffering in every form; men crippled, bandaged; men so weak that they lay upon the ground, heedless of the cold and damp, while their companions busied themselves with such slight preparations as their scanty food required. Men who passed, with death in their own faces, carelessly by spots where little groups had gathered about those actually dying.

The ladies took in, at a glance, the effect of the whole scene—an ever-changing panorama of dreadful figures, ceaselessly in motion—and shrunk together at the head of the flight of steps.

“I never dreamed of any thing like this,” murmured one of them, “let us go.”

“Not yet,” said Lucy. She was looking at a man in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest, who had entered after them, bringing a large, covered tin bucket. A soldier took it from him, as he himself had first taken it from an attendant.

“Soup,” said the priest, “as usual, see to it.”

A prisoner came up to take it, and the soldier made a thrust at him with his bayonet, tearing his ragged coat, whereat those around him laughed. But for all that they came crowding up toward the food, looking with hungry eyes at the vessel that contained it, turning wan, hollow faces, white as of the risen dead, toward the amazed and frightened girls.

“Stand back, there, will you?” cried the sentinel, “this is for the sick.”

“My heart bleeds for these poor devils,” said Major André.

“All your hearts, I presume, by the way you allow them to be treated,” said Lucy, pointing to the sentinel, who was repulsing his assailants with the butt of his gun. “You gentlemen of the Royal service are like to have a perfect hemorrhage of pity from your tender hearts.”

For, indeed, the sight had made her angry.

“Miss De Normandie,” said the major, “those reproaches come with an ill grace from the other side.”

“What do you mean?”

“Simply,” replied the major, “that we ourselves are straitened for supplies. That we are a few hundreds, in the midst of a population, who, defended by these very men, are bound to save them from a misery that we are powerless to avert.”

"And would these prisoners be permitted to receive provisions sent to them?"

"I refer you to your own knowledge of Sir William Howe."

"It is true that, as we entered, I observed bags hanging from the windows, and saw a woman put something into one that was let down to her."

The Honorable Cosmo Gordon struck into the conversation, with a laugh.

"Do you know what they generally receive in those bags?"

"No. What?"

"Potato-parings."

Lucy crimsoned and hung her head, as she turned away. But her attention was instantly diverted, by a struggle over the disputed vessel of soup. The prisoners had crowded round the sentinel, who was now dealing blows right and left, with one hand, while with the other he held the bucket.

"Don't I tell ye it's for the sick?"

"We're *all* sick," cried some, pressing upon him, "give it here!"

The sentinel called for the guard, but ere they came, some one managed to overset the soup-bucket, and as the contents ran down the steps and formed into little pools upon the floor below, the men left the sentinel, and threw themselves flat upon the ground, and lapped the soup like dogs. Amid this confusion, in which only a small part of those in the building were engaged, there came forward, from the opposite end of the hall, a huge, fat man, whose red face was like a cook's over a great fire, a man with a neck and a voice like a bull's, bellowing out execrations, and laying about him anywhere and everywhere, with an enormous whip, the like of which Lucy had never seen. He was so busily engaged that he did not notice the presence of visitors. One man, at last, whom he cut cruelly with the whip, and round whose neck the hissing lash wound itself like a snake, turned upon him, threateningly, in the sudden frenzy of the pain. The provost, for it was he, carried in his hand the great key of the prison. Raising it aloft, he brought it down, with all his tremendous strength, upon the prisoner's forehead, felling him like a log. Then, turning on his heel, he left him where he lay, and, looking up, found himself face to face with his visitors.

"I wish you had 'em to manage," he said, gruffly, as he came up the steps.

"Is that man dead?" asked Lucy, indignantly.

"Dead? I dare say. Dead for certain, as all rebels ought to be, and you too, if you're a rebel," for he marked the loathing and defiance of him in her eyes.

If she had been flung down among those starving wretches, for doing what she did, she could not have helped it. She raised her hand and struck him on the cheek.

They all saw it—his prisoners, his victims, all of them; and a sudden cheer rung round the strong walls, and shook the great prison doors, and rattled the skylights with their shattered panes.

"For any insult offered to that lady, Captain Cunningham," said Royal Langstaff, "you will account to me."

"And for your conduct this morning to a court-martial," added Major André, "if we have any more fault to find."

Lucy stayed not to hear his reply. Breaking from the group, she ran past him down the steps, and hurried to the man whom Cunningham had struck down. Kneeling beside this prisoner, she tried to take his head upon her knee; and, in that moment, he opened his eyes, turned his face up to hers, and Lucy De Normandie gazed upon Gerald Pemberton.

They led her out. She had not shrieked nor fainted. She had only looked at him, with a sort of stony despair in her bloodless face; as he rose, slowly, and looked at her, with a like despair in his.

"Gerald!"

"Lucy!"

Then his comrades had gathered about him; and the officers, with Royal first, had come down to her; and Royal, not knowing Gerald, had said to her in his hearing:

"Come, darling; the man will do very well. He was only a little stunned, you see. Come, love, come; this is no place for you."

And then she had gone home in a carriage, and had been lying on the sofa in the parlor, and remembered seeing them all about her, and observing above them, just as if he were going to fly over their heads, the gilt eagle on the mirror, and

had thought that his beak looked very sharp and strong, and his talons very cruel, and his chains very, very heavy.

And now she was up-stairs, in her own bed, with no very definite idea of how she reached it. She was there, quite alone, and the house was completely still. Hour after hour she heard struck by the tall clock on the stairs. The patches of sunlight crept slowly up the bed-hangings—up the wall—and so reached the ceiling and went out. She turned her face toward the window and saw the red glow fade out of the sky, and saw the evening star. Somehow, all at once, the star seemed to be shining over the great hall of the jail—over the crowd—for the prison scene was in the air—figures in it seeming to be shut out by the bare branches of the trees.

To escape this she turned her face to the wall again; but the wall seemed to have the prison scene painted on it, with Gerald lying in the foreground near the steps, his eyes open and glassy, like those of a corpse, the white death of hunger in his face, and the heavy mark of his death-blow on his brow.

But, sometimes, this would fade, and then those other scenes that she had looked upon with her lost lover would pass over that blank wall, one by one, as in a panorama, till the prison was reached; and then again, all over from the beginning.

During this time, a purpose was dimly shadowing itself through all her thoughts,

At last there seemed to come a blank (possibly a slumber), out of which she suddenly roused; opening her eyes with a strange feeling that she was not herself but *Gerald*, opening *his* eyes, as he had done that very day, with his head almost in her lap. And then, instantly succeeded the last and strangest of her illusions.

She was sure that she was quite awake, lying on her own bed, in her own chamber, with a hundred familiar things distinct about her. And she was not less sure that Gerald was beside her, that he stooped over her, that she felt his lips on hers—so sure of this that she raised her arms to fling them round his neck, and raised her eyes at the same moment to look up into his face, and saw that he was not there.

Yet, so entirely and convincingly vivid had been her waking dream, that, growing suddenly fearful lest her distress had wrought upon her brain, she sprung from the bed, and running to the window, flung up the sash, to take the cold air on her throbbing brow. Then she threw a shawl around her, came back to her table, lit her candles, and sat down to write.

And now the purpose that had been mistily floating before her took definite and final shape, and began to develop itself into action. She wrote a brief note, and a long, long letter, folded, sealed, addressed, and laid them where they could not fail to meet the eye of any who might come into the room. This done, she locked her door. Then she dressed herself in the dress that she had worn the day that she first met Gerald; separated all that was her own from all that Mrs. Langstaff had lately given her; took from an unconsidered closet the hood and muff and plain cloak that she had brought with her from Lydia Darrach's, and glided softly down a flight of stairs used only by the servants. At its foot was a small door, usually kept bolted. Nervously she undid its fastenings and stepped into the garden. From where she stood in the gathering twilight unobserved, she could look into the two great parlors, lighted up already, their shutters not yet closed.

Mrs. Langstaff was standing beside her son, with her hand upon his shoulder, and he had thrown his arm around her waist.

"As one whom his mother comforteth," said Lucy. "God grant it may be so, and heaven keep me from doing him such evil as to be his wife."

And hurrying down the garden path she undid the last barrier that kept her from the life that she had chosen, and glided away into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN'S RUSE.

Mrs. LANGSTAFF had kept open house that winter, and her receptions had been on Tuesdays and Fridays. One of these evenings was that upon which Lucy had made her flight from the nest of the eagle over the round mirror. But, in the confusion and distress, the guests had been forgotten, and Mrs. Langstaff, still comforting her son, was surprised by the arrival of those who came early. She had instantly surmised who it was that Lucy had seen in the prison; and when her surmises were confirmed by Captain Fitz, she had judged it best to tell Royal. And she was right. Better the truth, always, in such cases, than uncertainty and suspense.

They decided together that it was better to welcome their friends as usual; apologizing for Lucy's non-appearance on the favorite theory in such cases, ready made and universally adopted, "Indisposition." Meantime, as she desired, she was to be entirely undisturbed.

Among the guests came Sir William Howe, in person, arriving late, as usual owing to the immense pressure of his military duties—poor gentleman! And Sir William was solicitous about Miss De Normandie, having had a full and detailed account of the prison scene from the Honorable and ubiquitous Cosmo, and a description still more graphic and glowing in the rich brogue of Captain Fitz.

"You know, of course," (*Mrs. Langstaff aside to Sir William,*) "that the prisoner she recognized was Lieutenant Pemberton."

If any commander in the British service could shrug his shoulders gracefully, it was Sir William Howe. Every golden fiber in his epaulettes glittered and twinkled, till they looked like twin constellations.

Up to their radiance came the Honorable Cosmo, just arrived, in a carriage and an astonishment both peculiarly his own. He paid his respects to his hostess and to his com-

mander, but speechlessly. Then he defiled to the mantelpiece and stood under the eagle, thereby making the bird seem just about to sweep down on a bald spot just on the crown of his head; kept by himself, and stared blankly at every one. In fact, it was obvious to the most careless observer that the Honorable Cosmo was in a complete and distressful state of bewilderment.

"Has anybody seen Lucy?" asked one of the Misses Wharton, in the hearing of the Honorable Mr. Gordon.

"I have," said the Honorable Mr. Gordon, with every appearance of great relief in getting the statement out.

It was upon Royal's arm that Miss Wharton was leaning.

"You are in error," said Major Langstaff. "Miss De Normandie is up-stairs at this moment; and, I am sorry to say, quite ill."

"But, my dear fellow, I saw her not a quawtaw of an houaw ago at Mrs. Darraws," replied Cosmo.

"Sir?"

"Nevaw spoke a truaw wawd, Langstawf."

Royal excused himself to Miss Wharton, who was not particularly sorry to exchange him for the Honorable and eligible Cosmo Gordon; and approaching Mrs. Langstaff, still talking with Sir William, said, in a low tone:

"Lucy is said to be at William Darrach's."

Mrs. Langstaff drew back suddenly and looked at him, frowning, but only with sudden alarm. Then she went up-stairs, judging it better not to send a servant. Coming back, presently, much paler than she was, she handed a letter to Royal, who turned pale as his mother the moment he glanced at the superscription.

The Honorable had sauntered up with Miss Wharton. Royal had indicated him as the source of his intelligence.

"Pray, do not speak of this to any one," said Mrs. Langstaff.

"Sawt'ndly not," said the Honorable Cosmo, and relapsed into blankness, Miss Wharton to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Sir William, she has gone! I have a note from her, but it is unnecessary to speak of it to-night. Royal, my dear son, you had better go out. They will excuse you. If you had rather have a companion, ask Captain Fitz."

Royal, preferring *not* to have a companion, went out alone. Every thing had been done with the most aristocratic repose of manner. There had been no sensation—indeed, no knowledge or surmise of the truth among the guests. Royal went out alone and unobserved, with the letter in his hand; but as he could not read it in the street, he thought of going home again, after a few squares, and slipping quietly up-stairs to his own room. Then he changed his mind, and, as Miriam's invitation recurred to him, and as Friend Turnpenny's was close at hand, he went thither, and found Miriam knitting socks of blue yarn in the parlor.

"Ah! you have come at last! I *thought* you'd come."

She dropped her work, coming to meet him, holding out her hands to him, not hiding her delight that he was there. But that made no difference; *he* never observed it; not he. Then she drew him toward the table, stepping backward gracefully; but when the candlelight fell full upon his pallid, frightened, sorrowful face, her tone and manner changed.

"Good heavens, Royal Langstaff! What's the matter?"

"I don't know yet," said he, sinking into a chair and unfolding and smoothing out the letter that, without knowing it, he had crushed and crumpled as he came. "I don't quite understand."

And then Miriam came and stood over him, leaning upon his shoulder, and reading the letter with him. He had a vague idea glimmering upon him, just once, that it was not precisely the thing for her to do, under the circumstances, but he did not stop to consider that point.

"Farewell, and heaven forever bless you, Royal dear, but indeed, indeed you never could be happy with

"LUCY DE NORMANDIE."

So the letter ended.

It was so hard to hide her joy! It was so hard to be the sympathizing friend! And yet she pitied him. In the midst of her exaltation she was bitterly wroth with Lucy, for her treatment of him. But it was hard to see him suffer as he suffered then for the woman who had never loved him all her life.

"Royal!"

She came and took his hands. Dear heart! how she pitied

him. And she knew how much he was to be pitied, knew it only too well.

He bowed his face upon her hands, and in so doing touched them, by the merest accident, with his lips, thrilling and pain-
ing her; those lips that, to Lucy, had been but as the lips of
babyhood; how she trembled as she felt them! Yet Royal
was far enough from any intention to kiss her hands.

"Royal, what can I say to comfort you?" And she thought,
within herself, that she might say much one day, but surely
the time for saying it was not then.

"I am going to beg Sir William Howe to go and see her."

"When?"

"To-morrow night. He has an appointment with the ad-
jutant."

"But the adjutant will go to him."

"No. I was present when they arranged it. I meant, at
first, to go myself, but I have given that up."

How could she tell him it was his last and only chance?

"I will see Sir William at once, before he leaves my mo-
ther's. Good night, Miriam, you and my mother are the only
women who care for me, I think."

"Royal?" She held him for a moment. "This woman
who does not care for you—why not give her up?"

"Because I can't," said Royal.

Miriam watched him, till he was lost in the darkness, and
then, returning to the parlor, put away her work, mechanic-
ally, and sat down to think. Lucy's letter, whereof she had
read every word, had made her mistress of the situation, and
the situation was one of promise. Lucy had fled from Royal
and would marry Gerald, if she could—but how could she?

His deliverance must be effected.

If he had only been shut up in a solitary dungeon, it would
have been so easy. Everybody, in story and romance, es-
caped from solitary dungeons, with as much facility, that the
only wonder was that anybody ever staid in them, at all. A
saw concealed in her hair, a rope-ladder coiled up in a loaf
of bread, an exchange of male for female apparel, these ex-
pedients suggested themselves of their own accord. But the
"British Provost" was any thing but a solitary dungeon. It
was fearfully overcrowded, and all the prisoners appeared to

be everywhere, all the time. There was no privacy for sawing. So many would have crowded down the rope-ladder, that it would have given way, as soon as it was lowered, and have let them all down in a heap together. As for a change of raiment, even that Miriam, after taking due precaution, might have consented to, in Gerald's presence, but not in the presence of three hundred and fifty men.

It was a puzzle, but Miriam was not the young lady to give it up. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. She went up-stairs, came down cloaked, muffled, hooded, veiled, and went out. She had not been invited to Mrs. Langstaff's, but that was her destination, nevertheless, and, reaching it, she sent in a message to Sir William Howe, just three initials on a slip of paper. Wonderful and occult power of Mistress Doane! Sir William came out in person.

It was an unwonted condescension, but Sir William knew the Doanes, and had had more interviews with their sister than—fortunately for her—the good people of Philadelphia were aware of.

"Come into the dining-room. We shall be private there."

Nobody recognized—not even Royal—the muffled female figure that glided past them, and disappeared behind the dining-room door. Nobody, except Miss Wharton.

"I'm sure that's Miriam Doane's walk."

"Impossible," said Royal, "I left her not five minutes ago" (an exaggeration) "knitting in her own parlor."

Sir William had taken it for granted that Miriam desired to speak with him on military matters. And so she did, but the substance of her communication rather startled him. When she removed her wrappings, her beauty rather startled him also. He had never seen her so radiant as she was that night.

"I have come to tell you of something that ought to be done at once."

Sir William sighed.

"Every thing ought to be done at once. It's so always. You know how I hate to be hurried."

For he was conscious of preferring Mrs. Langstaff's parlor to a midnight march, headed by himself, against that cold north-easter, and Miriam's manner seemed to threaten nothing less.

"You are a friend of Captain Langstaff?"

"Of *Major* Langstaff," said the General, with emphasis, and also with relief.

"Never mind what he is," said Miriam; and indeed it made no difference to her, what he was. "You know that he wishes to marry Lucy De Normandie."

"She has run away from him," said the General, ruefully. In Miriam's presence, he discarded elegance and affectation. She had a way of bringing him to the point at once.

"She has. I know it."

"How do you know it? What an amazing person you are!"

"A truce to compliments. She will remain away, unless you bring her back."

"How can *I* bring her back? If she were a prisoner of war for example—"

"That is just the point. By releasing a prisoner of war, you recover Lucy."

"What prisoner?"

"Lieutenant Pemberton."

"Oh, the deuce!" exclaimed Sir William Howe.

"Don't you agree with me?"

"My dear young lady, I regret to entertain views diametrically—"

"Sir William, you are talking to *me*, remember."

"So I am. Well then, no. Decidedly, emphatically and finally, no."

"Listen to reason."

"When reason appears in all the beauty of Miss—"

"General!"

"Oh well, go on then," said Sir William.

"Gerald Pemberton is in jail. Why was he not paroled?"

"I learned only to-day who he was. The fellow wouldn't give his name."

That was true; he had wished to spare Lucy.

"The shock of seeing him there has driven her to this step. Release him. She recovers herself and you recover *her*."

"Release him on condition of her marrying Royal?" asked Sir William, who really began to entertain the idea.

"No. Upon nothing of the kind. How blind you men are!"

"Civility aside," suggested Sir William.

"My dear General! Do be reasonable and business-like and let civility alone."

"I have precept and example both, for doing so," said he severely.

"In her present state of mind she will accept of no conditions. Release Lieutenant Pemberton. Tell her you did it for her sake, and trust to your own influence with her after that."

Whereupon the Commander-in-Chief again said, "Oh, the deuce!" and alluded to his duty, military and public, and all that sort of thing which was so very essential and imperative; but Miriam cut him short by declaring that it was only an exchange of prisoners, a matter in which he had absolute discretionary power; and the upshot of it was that Sir William wrote the order while Miriam was again muffling herself up, and went back to the parlor while she flitted out of the house and onward to the prison.

Happily for her and for others, Digby was on guard outside. It was not his duty to be there; but he had relieved a comrade who was ailing. Such things were customary with Digby. It was too late to let her in, however, and so he told her.

"But I come from Sir William Howe."

Digby was staggered, but still shook his head—a morbid, melancholy shake, for Miriam was plainly eager and anxious.

"But I come from Major Langstaff's."

That was truth itself; but the inference which Digby drew from it, that in obliging the lady he would oblige the major, was as false as it could possibly be. However, Digby was responsible for that. What had Miriam Doane to do with his inferences?

"I'll try, mistress," said he, and trying hard, he succeeded, as people usually do. After much growling on the other side of the wicket, Miriam was admitted; and Captain Cunningham was called out of, or, strictly speaking, *off* of, his bed to receive her.

It is safe to say, that at this particular point, any other young lady would have failed ignominiously. Captain Cunningham was not the most bland and amiable gentleman in

the British service, at the best of times. At nine o'clock at night, roused out of his first sleep, he was, on a moderate estimate, about seven times as ferocious as an enraged buffalo. He came bursting and bellowing out of his little room, demanding — but decorum vetoes the record of his precise words.

“What, the blank, do you want with him?” he asked, after Miriam had given him the order. “Won't I do in his place?” This with a leer.

Captain Cunningham's left cheek was very near being marked to match his right at that moment; but Miriam had rather more self-command than Lucy.

“No, Captain Cunningham, you will not do in his place. I advise you as a friend to be careful of your own.”

And she carelessly flung aside her veil. The captain appeared to be very much taken aback.

“Oh,” said he; “it's you, is it? I suppose you must have him. I just wish you had 'em all to manage, I do.”

And then he dispatched a messenger—a prisoner whom he woke with a kick from his sybarite couch on the ground—in search of Gerald. After a long interval Gerald appeared, half asleep, very much bewildered, and disguised, as to his wounded forehead, by a cloth that would have shown blood-stains if it had not been too hopelessly dirty to show any thing.

They left the captain protesting that it was a blanked outrage to order a release at that hour; the door closed upon his successive and excessive “blanks,” and Digby's cheery good-night was far pleasanter to listen to.

Lieutenant Pemberton, in those first moments of his freedom, was not remarkable for the undeviating firmness of his tread. He swayed and swerved and staggered and looked dizzily up at the houses and the sky, and evinced a truly melancholy inability to decide between the door-steps and the curb-stones, for the purposes of walking past and stumbling over.

“Come, come,” said Miriam, putting her hand under his elbow to steady him, “the people will take me for an Irish woman with a tipsy husband. You must do better than this, Lieutenant Pemberton.”

"You—know me," said Gerald. "Who—are you?"

"Your best friend, just now," replied Miriam.

"So—I should think. Where—are we—going?"

"Where Lucy is."

"Never." Gerald stopped short and for the first time stood firm.

"No?"

"No. I'll die first—in the streets."

And he sunk down upon a door-step.

"He will, I verily believe!" said Miriam. "What cross-grained creatures you men are! Come home with me, then. Come. This is no time for talking. You are perishing with cold."

"Am I?"

"Of course you are. Come."

"You won't—take me—*there*?"

"Where Lucy is? No, no. I'll take you to Friend Turnpenny's."

"I know—Friend—Turnpenny."

"Then I needn't waste time in introducing you. As soon as you get there you can go to bed."

"Bed!" said Gerald. "Oh!"

After that he went on with entire docility; and, reaching the house at last, was led into the parlor, much to the consternation of Friend Turnpenny, who sat there reading, and whose first idea, on looking up from his book, was—burglars! Being taken into the entry, to have it all explained to him, Friend Turnpenny was hopelessly mystified right away.

"Thou!" exclaimed the chubby little Quaker. "Thou, Miriam! Take a prisoner out of the British provost! And wake up the man Cunningham!" (This was more wonderful than all the rest.) "And bring the captive here! And—but as thou sayest it is Gerald Pemberton, though I never should have known him, I will go in and commune with him, while thou seest what there is in the house."

There was a cold chicken-pie in the house, untouched; and a bit of tongue, and some potatoes chopped with cream, easy to be warmed over, and some cranberry tarts of great diameter; and fine wheaten bread, that got itself toasted just to a shade, and good butter (for war times) that melted into

the toast deliciously. Then there was some coffee in the house, and a great, genuine silver urn to serve it in, and a French china bowl to drink it from; all which things Miriam arrayed on the dining-room table, and then arrayed Gerald before the table, with a knife and fork in his trembling hands, and gaunt famine in his face and tears in his grateful eyes.

Moreover, besides and in addition to the other good things, there was some apple whisky in the house, whereof the memory of man ran not unto the superior article; and therewith, or with a portion of the same, did Friend Turnpenny concoct and brew a steaming little jug—like himself for fatness—of unequaled punch—punch that would have made a perfect man Friday of Ahasuerus—for Gerald's sole use and behoof.

Also, there was in the house a bath-room, with sundry cabalistic mechanisms and contrivances for causing to boil and bubble in a great caldron, plenty of pure, sweet water; and there was a tub, in which Goliath of Gath might have floundered without splashing the floor.

Likewise there were soft, thick, creamy towels, and a night-shirt that had come out of a drawer where somebody had kept lavender.

Lastly, and best of all, there was in the house a great front state bedroom, (somebody had made a wood fire in it,) with the largest and softest and deepest bed, with the downiest pillows, not to particularize the bolster and the warmest blankets and the lightest silken counterpane.

Whence it appeareth that the house was a goodly house, and a well replenished and a hospitable; and such were Gerald's convictions while he lay, dreamily, in the downy depths of the state bed, looking up at Miriam, who bound the coolest, softest linen on his wounded brow, and wondering still who upon earth she was.

Then Miriam sped away again, taking Friend Turnpenny with her, and came back in about an hour, hand in hand with a strange lady, Friend Turnpenny bringing up the rear, all cloak, from his fur cap to his heels.

This, too, entirely without the knowledge of Friend Turnpenny's slumbering helpmeet, which was a very reprehensible proceeding, but one that did not prevent Miriam from going to bed and sleeping more peacefully than she had slept for

years; while the strange lady, who could not, by any persuasions, be prevailed upon to go to bed herself, sat silent, watchful, but unutterably happy, and oh, so grateful to Miriam Doane! by Gerald's side, hour after hour; till, when at last he woke in broad daylight, with the glad morning sunbeams on his face, she caught his white, wan hand, and pressed it to her lips, and fell upon her knees before him, crying out through her sobs:

"Oh, Gerald, love! forgive me. I could not bear it! I have left them all and come back to you, if you will only have me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE afternoon of the eighteenth day of the May next ensuing was cool and bright. The city, already trimmed with the green of trees and gardens, and grassy banks in the suburban streets, and open commons here and there, which the spring had spread with velvet, was looking its best and freshest. The city's eastern border wore, also, on that day, an additional trimming of flags and streamers, and crowds in gay attire, toned down by the sober drab of Quakerdom; for the much-talked-of *meschianza*, or grand tournament and ball and *fête* in general, was just upon the verge of accomplishment, and there was to be, along the city's front, a procession of barges, beside which those of the Mayor of London and the Doge of Venice were to be as naught. The chief captains and mighty men of war held festival in honor of their Heads, from camp and fleet; and wharves and balconies and windows were thronged to see them pass, and from Kensington and Southwark, and around the great war-ships, fluttering with flags like monstrous birds of brilliant crests and huge white wings; the broad, bright bosom of the Delaware was dotted with innumerable small boats of oar and sail, as the three great floating platforms, gayly draped, and bearing each its great banner of St. George, to flap broad folds in the very

face of the conquered city, moved slowly down the stream, to strains of music and salutes of cannon—a glorious pageant on that glorious afternoon of May.

Heeding little the loss of her own share in all the splendor—for she had declined much urging to become a lady of “the Burning Mountain” in the day’s grand tournament—Miriam Doane, attended by Ahasuerus, and escorted by a single trooper of the British Light Horse, rode out of the city westward, crossed the Schuylkill at Gray’s Ferry, and took her way toward the little hamlet of Darby, five miles off. She rode in advance of her attendants, with a steady forward gaze in her fine eyes, a close compression of her beautiful, proud lips, a flush upon her usually pallid face, a firm purpose in her thought, and the old love, deep and true and wonderful in tenderness, just as it had been for years, and would be, for her life-time, in her heart. She had risked every thing upon the work of that afternoon and evening, and she had summoned all her presence of mind and strength of character to sustain her in what she had to do.

Faithful always, to every detail of whatever plan she marked out for herself in the affairs of life, she had kept her faith with Sir William Howe, in leaving him free to exercise his influence over Lucy, always with the understanding that that young lady should not be coerced into becoming Mrs. Major Langstaff, nay, that persuasion only, and that of the mildest, was to be used to induce her to return to her home, beneath Mrs. Langstaff’s roof.

She had answered no inquiries as to how Gerald had obtained his freedom, and Sir William, through the frequent embassies of Chaplain Bee, had caused the story to be told to her (in confidence) in such wise, that Lucy was led firmly to believe that Sir William, having heard of her interest in Lieutenant Pemberton, had, of his own free will, spontaneously and out of pure native goodness of heart, blended with profound respect for her, enfranchised, manumitted and set at large the said lieutenant, unconditionally and without parole, thereby assuming a responsibility, and exercising an arbitrary power, unprecedented in the annals of civilized warfare.

“I don’t see what right he had to do it,” said Lucy, frankly; “but since he did it for my sake, I must go and thank him.”

"It is always right," said the chaplain who, to do him justice, fully believed the case to be as he represented it, "it is always right to do good."

"Then why doesn't he release 'em all?" asked Lucy, but the chaplain did not attempt to answer that question.

Indeed, on that particular occasion, he seemed disposed to turn the conversation into another and a tenderer channel. Chaplain—or, as the young officers with whom he and his wines were prime favorites used to call him—Parson Bee was a stout and substantial widower of some six and forty, bald as to the top of his head and grizzled as to the sides and rear, a well-looking gentleman, and in his clothing of great sleekness. He had looked with approving eyes upon Lucy, on the occasions of his visits to Burlington; he had renewed those visits at Mrs. Langstaff's city residence, and his approbation augmented with the lapse of time. He had been very much taken aback, when Lucy's engagement to Royal Langstaff was announced to him, by the redoubtable Fitz, depressed when it was corroborated by the Honorable Cosmo, and had expressed a wish to resign and go home to England, where he had an ample private fortune, a house in London, and an estate in Yorkshire, when the (to him) melancholy intelligence was confirmed, by Major André.

But, after Lucy had broken her bonds to Major Langstaff, (so much had Sir William Howe admitted and confided to his ambassador) "the Parson" had thought that possibly—!

Therefore, waiting upon her to Sir William's head-quarters, he began:

"Miss De Normandie, I am, as you know, an ambassador—"

"No, I didn't know it. I thought you were a chaplain."

"I am an ambassador from the court of heaven."

"Are you? You don't say so!"

"Did you not know that I was a clergyman?"

"Oh yes, *that* I knew," said Lucy.

The chaplain looked at her dubiously, but resumed:

"I have an ample private fortune."

"I am glad to hear it."

Why that interest? The chaplain took courage and continued.

"Also, an estate in Yorkshire, and a residence in London."

"I am glad to hear *that*," said Lucy.

"And it would entirely meet my views, should *you* become their mistress."

"Oh, chaplain!" (in her perturbation she had a narrow escape from "parson,") "I am not glad to hear *that*—not at all!"

And, as they were by this time at Sir William's, Lucy ran up the steps, leaving the crestfallen ambassador staring after her.

Sir William, acting upon Miriam's hint, and as faithful to his part of the programme as she had been to hers, was only too happy to have served Miss De Normandie, but he would avail himself of that opportunity to point out to her that her aunt, Mrs. Langstaff, was in deep distress, in consequence of the recent course that Miss De Normandie had (doubtless with good reason) felt constrained to pursue, and he begged to suggest to her, that her return to her home would not be construed into a renewal of any relations that had existed between herself and Major Langstaff, who, indeed, was expecting to be absent on military duty, on the Canadian frontier.

Sir William did not, indeed, prevail upon Lucy to return to the nest of the gilt eagle; but he succeeded in affecting a reconciliation between herself and the house of Langstaff, and drew her forth to grace his farewell *fête*, as one of the loveliest ladies of the "Blended Rose," and to rival Miriam, who appeared in her stately beauty as a lady of the "Burning Mountain." As the ladies were in Turkish dresses, and their respective knights were in white silk, trimmed with red and black silk, bordered with yellow; as they were served by Nubian slaves, of whom the thinnest was Ahasuerus; and as the rest of the company wore the ordinary civil, military and shabby-genteel costumes of the period, the effect of the procession that moved up from the landing-place toward the lists, pavilions and wooden shanties that inside were marble halls of dazzling light when evening came, upon the lawns around the Wharton mansion, fully justified the little *meschianza* as signifying things that *were* mixed.

Miriam Doane took so little heed of the festivities, that the society of Friends ought to have pardoned her for being there.

Sir William refused to allow Lucy De Normandie to leave the city, and also declined to allow Lieutenant Pemberton to remain. Miriam, therefore, was obliged to have recourse to stratagem to bring Sir William to terms.

An opportunity at length presented itself. By means of the ubiquitous Ahasuerus, she had learned Captain McLane's design of attacking the British outposts on the evening of the *meschianza*. She then quietly told Sir William that a secret rebel movement was in contemplation, for the watching of which she should demand her own price; he might take the bargain or leave it as he pleased. Sir William, taking it, she had provided Gerald with one of the marvelous cards of invitation to the *fête*, and had directed him to present himself in a certain part of the grounds at a certain hour, and, lastly, she had told Lucy De Normandie to answer instantly any summons that might come from her.

While the heralds were proclaiming, while the knights were tilting, while the pistols were going off and the lemonade was coming on, Ahasuerus, in Turkish trowsers, a world too wide for his shrunken shanks, was going off like the fire-arms and coming on like the refreshments, all at the bidding of Mistress Miriam Doane, and with some mysterious object. Receiving from him, at length, *a dried pea*, Miriam, with the incoherent comment, "P stands for —; well, he's here at last," dismissed him with a nod, and beckoned to the youngest Miss Wharton.

"Lucy De Normandie is dancing with Major Langstaff. Give her that. She'll know what it means. Don't let Major Langstaff see you do it. Whisper to her to meet me at the fountain, and slip into her place till she returns. *Hurry!*"

Miss Wharton crowded through the guests and did as she was bidden, and that without letting Royal supervise her proceedings.

Lucy sped away toward the fountain. She had gained a lonely avenue, when she heard behind her a "puffed pursuer," and, turning, beheld the ambassador.

"Mistress De Normandie!"

"Pray go back," said Lucy, in great distress.

"Permit me, one moment, since a happy chance——"

"Listen, Doctor Bee. I have been sent for——"

"Pardon me. I will not intrude. Suffer me only, dear young lady, to remind you that I am an ambassador—"

"I know it; but it makes no difference."

"That I have an ample—"

"Pray spend it on yourself."

"A house—"

"Oh, if you were only safe at home in it!"

"But my devotion—"

"Yes; go to your devotions, please *go*, Doctor Bée!" cried Lucy, in desperation, as she left in his grasp her Turkish scarf, and fled along the winding avenue, while he pantingly toiled after her.

As she neared the fountain, however, she was startled into springing aside into the shrubbery, by the sound of a well-known voice. Peeping carefully from her ambush, she beheld Sir William Howe in close converse with Miriam Doane! Ere she had time to wonder what that might mean, an officer appeared as suddenly as if he had risen out of the earth.

"Sir Wulliam! Is Sir Wulliam here? Sir Wulliam!"

"Captain Fitz Patrick, oblige me by being a shade less demonstrative, if perfectly convenient to yourself."

"We're kilt intoirely," said Fitz, in great excitement. "The ribbles is out in farce!"

"In 'farce?' Then go to your command and make it tragedy. I am just receiving information."

Fitz retired crestfallen, but not far, for, near Lucy's hiding-place, he met the chaplain.

"Have you seen a young lady down this walk?" demanded the bewildered doctor.

"Be jabbers, I have!" cried Fitz. "The Gin'ral's beyant, with a petticut."

"The son of Belial!" exclaimed the jealous chaplain, clutching the captain's sleeve. "Here, Fitz, this way! we'll drag this thing to light."

And then he dragged the captain into the shade, and held him there, though plainly much against his will.

"Is this thing serious?" Lucy heard Sir William ask.

"No. A mere frolic. Captain McLane—"

"The Scotch—Fiddle!" said the General. "I'm not sure he isn't worse."

"He wants to break you up here, and makes a feint along your outposts; that is all."

"Break us up, would he? Deuced ungentlemanly, that! Ha! There are the guns!"

"Yes; but, as Captain Fitz would say, 'Be aisy.'"

"But for *you*, now, a successful trick would have been played upon me."

"I fear it would," said Miriam, evincing an unaccountable inclination to laugh.

"Mistress Doane, I told you to name your own price for your trouble in this service."

"It has two names," answered Miriam, demurely.

"Two? What are they?"

Miriam elevated her voice.

"*Lucy De Normandie!*"

Lucy stepped out of her ambush and advanced to the fountain.

"*Gerald Pemberton!*"

And Gerald, to Lucy's amazement, stepped out of *his* ambush, and bowed to Sir William.

"Let them go, together," said Miriam. "You pledged your word to pay the price I named."

"In this discharge of duty," continued the General, "I shall ask you, chaplain, to assist me."

"To the best of my poor—"

"Thank you," said the General, with a wave of his hand. "MARRY THEM!"

Lucy sprung up, a true lady now of the "Blended Rose!" But, ere she could speak, she was caught in Gerald's arms, and held with a clasp that seemed not likely to release her soon again.

"I am bound to Mistress Doane," said the General, in a quiet, argumentative way; "and I am also bound to Colonel Langstaff, not to suffer this young lady to leave the city while I am in command. We can cut this gordian knot, however, and their separation, afterward, need not be very long. *Marry them.*"

"I'd rather bury them," said the chaplain.

"All in good time," replied Sir William.

Doctor Bee pulled out his handkerchief, sighed, shook his

head, rubbed his face all over very hard, and looked defiance at his chief.

"No insubordination," said Sir William.

The chaplain mechanically drew forth a small pocket prayer-book, but he held it closed in his trembling hand, while, in a melancholy voice, he repeated the beautiful wedding service of the church of England.

Gerald Pemberton had never started at a cannon-shot, as at Lucy De Normandie's "I will."

"Relieve the guard, Captain Fitz!" cried Sir William, in his cheeriest, airiest voice. "Lieutenant Pemberton, salute your bride! By your leave and her's, sir, after you."

And General Sir William Howe would have touched with his lips the blended roses upon Lucy's cheek, if the inexcusably impulsive young lady had not thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him with a right good will.

"Lieutenant," said Sir William, "I have consigned you to hopeless captivity, and I wish you joy of— Madam Langstaff?"

Yes. She was there, and with her son! Checked by the sentences in a search for Lucy, they had yet been near enough to hear the concluding portion of the wedding service. She left her son's arm and advanced to Miriam.

"This has been your work," said she. "I know it as if you had confessed it. Girl! your hopeless passion could be no secret from a mother. The time will come when I shall make you rue the deed;" and then she haughtily withdrew.

"Miriam!" said Royal.

She turned her face, paler than ever in its beauty now, and looked at *him* with an expression in her splendid eyes that no other man had ever seen there, nor ever would see.

"Miriam, have you taken her away from me? Why did you do it?"

She stretched out her hands, as if by that gesture she pleaded with him only not to hate her, and said:

"Because I loved you!"

Royal turned from her with a scornful laugh.

Long ere the struggle for the nation's life was over the gilt eagle was sold with the rest of the Langstaff property.

The widow Langstaff was long supposed, in Burlington, to be dead, for a funeral was rumored to have taken place by moonlight, and a new mound appeared in the well-known family inclosure.

Years afterward, a lady, still retaining traces of great beauty, and wearing the garb of the society of Friends, was frequently observed to visit one familiar spot in the old-time churchyard. Her head was always bowed, and her eyes, when she raised them, on being addressed by chance passers, had a saddening look of gentle resignation. Who she was, whence she came, what sorrow had clouded her life's morning, or what was the hope (if any) that sustained her, the good people of the ancient city never knew, but some there may be, now, who can divine, if it be here set down that, at length, over the nameless grave she caused to be erected a broken column, with a marble sword, at rest forever in its sheath, and the inscription :

To the Memory of

MAJOR ROYAL LANGSTAFF,

Killed at the battle of Eutaw Springs, September 8th, 1781.

His last words were : "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive—"

And, on the other side, the single line : "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me."

THE END

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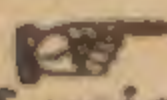
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